

THE SATURDAY

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LADY ELOISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Her dark hair dropping rich about her face—
A fair, patrician face, supremely pure
Of plebeian race—Lady Eloise
Drooped in a high-bred, listless elegance
Over a dainty pearl-lined ecru corset.
Full, to the brim, of costly souvenirs
And perfumed billets, carelessly tied up
With golden cords, and labelled with the name
Of either writer, as flower fanciers
Might label choice exotics separately.
(And, like moss roses, each one bearing thorns
Behind the velvet of their blushing leaves
To prick the hapless lover, at the last,
For being a lover of proud Eloise.)
A sudden shadow—not of her dark hair—
Flicked tremulously across her lovely face,
And the red lips that tightly on the pearls
A smile, but now, was showing; Eloise
Are there old memories of higher things
Than waltz and rout, and opera, tied up
In that frail package? yellow with the dust
Five summer times have left upon the snow
Of its fond pages. Poor Paul Ravel!—
Why should you start and tremble, Lady Weare?
The English daisies grow so thick and white
Between your foot and the long silent heart
It trampled on—you could not feel it beat,
Tho' it should break into a wider pale
Of passionate pain, than shock it the dim eve
In your old park, beneath your antique trees.
You could rebuke of some mad words of his
You showed the hand—the hand that had kissed—
With St. Maur's ring upon it! Thoughtless girl,
You did not know, wicked cruel thing,
The day you took the ribbon from your hair
And tying it into a quaint love knot
Bade Ravel wear it evermore, and be
Your own true knight—the while your silken curls
Swept like a storm against his passionate lips
And burning brow—melting a faithful heart—
In that long center on the Suffolk downs.

The balmy winds that stir your silken vest,
And away the azure draperies sweeping low
From golden fretwork—angels, and the like,
(Carved in your semblance) wait around his
grave.
The fading sunset, that has touched your hair
With solemn glory, haunts his gray roof
And hangs its flickering garlands on the grey
And mossy tablet at his quiet head—
"Paul Ravel, a poet—early dead."
A ring of iron buds drifts up the park
On a long wave of dimly rustling sounds.
Pat up those mournful relics of the past,
And gather up your wildly straying looks
In stately bonanza—Eloise, St. Maur is come!
You are too pale to wear that crimson flower,
And these dark velvet make you ghastlier still
Pat on the floating summer tints he loved,
Paul Ravel—the tenuous tinge of rose,
Or virgin olive flushed with violet
Like a Spring morning. So, cloak on the pearls,
And go to meet him who has gold enough
To buy your love—which Ravel had not.
Half Side—Summer.

MY BROTHER'S WIFE.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HEART'S RESOLVE.

"Monsieur will find M^{lle} Marguerite in the little salon," said Elise, curtly.
Elise was the pretty fille de chambre, and the "little salon" I have already mentioned as that which had been assigned to Margaret for her private sitting room and studio.
She was not there, however, and I even fancied that I had heard her flying footsteps on the stairs. She had never shunned me before, and the suspicion for one moment vexed me. Then I smiled.
"Some woman's vanity," I murmured to myself. "Some ribbon or collar to be adjusted! Childish little Marguerite!"
I could not help finding something pleasant in this explanation, and, musing over it, sat down and looked around me.
The tokens of her presence were scattered everywhere about—the very atmosphere of the room, heavy as it was with the perfume of acacia flowers and verbenas, seemed to retain somewhat of herself. On yonder chair were laid her gloves and shawl—here, on the chimney-piece, her open book—upon the table beside the window, her pen and drawing-paper, and that little bronze Apollo which I had given to her only yesterday. Her fingers, perhaps, have but just left the ivory keys of the piano—this mirror, perchance, has but a moment since reflected back the semblance of her features!
All this is something to imagine, and several minutes glide away unnoted. Presently, however, I wonder why she does not return, and then, growing impatient, I rise and take one or two turns about the room. Her book! Let us see what it is that she has been reading—Sainte's "Pierola." The most exquisite and chaotic of prison stories, and one most for a gentle maiden's studying. Her drawing!—what criticism can I make upon it before her arrival? As yet the outline is barely sketched, and—
Why, what is this? A bead drop yet undried and blustering on the paper! Another on the table close beside it! Tears! Tears from my gentle Margaret's eyes—those eyes which I had fondly hoped would never weep again, unless for joy!

This explained the mystery of her flight and

subsequent delay. I paced to and fro, and to and fro, in my agitation and dismay. What could have occurred? Why had I not come before? Would she never arrive?

I was on the point, at last, of ringing the bell for Elise, when the door opened and she entered, pale, silent, downward looking.

I went over and took her hands in mine. There were the traces of weeping in her white lips and cheeks and red eyelids. She trembled, too; and her hands were burning.

"Margaret," I said, looking down earnestly upon her, "Margaret, you are not well."
"I am well," she answered in a low voice.

"Your hands are feverish—you tremble. What is the matter?"
"Nothing is the matter."

She tried to move away, but I detained her.

"Nay, stand here in the light, Margaret, and let me look at you. You have been weeping."

She shook her head, but I repeated it.

"Yes, Margaret, you have been weeping. That forced smile cannot deceive me. Look here!"

And leading her to the table, I pointed to the tear-drop on the paper. She turned aside from my grave scrutiny, and, looking upon the floor—

"I cannot help thinking sometimes of—of my father," she murmured, hesitatingly.

"Are you evading the question, Margaret?" I said, sternly. "Is it possible that you can stoop to an equivocation?"

She remained silent, and kept her eyes fixed upon the ground.

"Can you look me in the face, Margaret, and say again that you were weeping for your father? If you do, I will believe you."

No reply.

"Tell me that it was true, Margaret, and I will entreat your pardon." She looked up at me, paler than before.

"It was false," she said, firmly, but with a quivering lip.

I drew a chair close beside her, and once more took her hand between both of mine.

"Margaret, dear Margaret," I said, gently, "you have had some annoyance—endured some pain to-day, and I must know it. I have the right to share all your pains as well as all your pleasures, and if I am not to possess your confidence, who is? Come, tell me all. Has Madame been unkind to you?"

She shook her head.

"Have any of the servants or pupils displeased you?"

"None."

"What is it, then? Some one must have hurt the feelings of my little Margaret."

"Oh, no one! No one! Every one is too good to me—better, better than I deserve, a thousand times! You, Monsieur, most of all!"

She says this with a burst of eager vehemence, and snatching her hand away from mine, covers her face, and falls into a passion of tears.

In doing this, I saw a ring upon her finger, a plain, hair ring, which I have never observed there before! A new and startling doubt flits across my mind, and strikes me with a sudden anguish such as I never thought to feel again.

"Margaret, look up!" I cried, seizing that hand and forcing it from her face. "What ring is that? Whence came it? Answer me truly, for I will know!"

She shuddered, glanced upward for an instant, and replied in a trembling voice, "I cannot tell you."

"You shall tell me, Margaret. Remember who I am!"

The fury of my tone, so far from intimidating, seemed to give her resolution. She looked up calmly and steadily in my face, folded her hands together, and said,

"The sight of her pale courage emboldened me—my voice faltered."

"For your father's sake, Margaret! For your father's sake!"

The tears gathered in her beautiful eyes, and rolled slowly down her cheeks.

"Not for my father's sake," she answered, softly.

"Oh, Margaret, what is this terrible secret which you are concealing? Tell it to me, Margaret—if not for his sake, tell it for mine! For my sake, Margaret!"

She clasped her hands imploringly, and laid her head down upon the table, sobbing bitterly.

"Oh, forgive me," she said, "forgive me! Do not ask me—give me time—oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

Her sorrow tore my heart. I went over to her, and laid my hand upon her shoulder.

"Nay, then, child," I said, falteringly, "keep thy secret. It must needs be innocent, like thee. I will be content, and ask no more."

I took her hand between my hands, pressed a kiss upon her hot brow, and left the room without one backward glance.

I do not wish to remember the agony of mind which I endured that night, or the torturing pity which, in spite of all, I could not help feeling for her. Till many hours past midnight, I paced the opposite side of the street in which she lived, watching the pale light from her window; and, when that was extinguished, finding some consolation in the thought that she slept peacefully.

Oh, gentle Margaret, hadst thou but heard the measured echo of my steps! Hadst thou but known the prayers which thy silence wrung from these lips, as I paced to and fro

in the moonlight, like some phantom of the night!

CHAPTER XX.

"UPON A SUMMER HOLIDAY."

Three days without seeing her—three weary, solitary days! It was the first time that I had so remained away, and I could bear it no longer.

Perhaps she, too, had been lonely and unhappy. This last thought decided me, and I went.

The day was resplendently fine; a cool breath of pure air came from the westward, and the white buildings and streets of the town glared painfully in the sunlight. The driver of a little open vehicle held up his whip invitingly to me as I went along. He was a good tempered, red-faced, jovial-looking fellow, with a bunch of clover-blossoms in his button-hole. The carriage, too, appeared clean and new, and the horse wore a green lough upon his shaggy head, to keep off the predatory flies.

I paused and hesitated.

"Suppose," I said to myself, "that I took her and the little Clemence for a country holiday, and trusted to time and opportunity for an explanation of the past! Suppose, if it be only for a day, that I endeavor to enjoy the pleasant Now, and banish the Hereafter!"

The driver held up his whip again—I thought of Margaret's pale cheeks, of quiet lanes, and woods, and wayside flowers; and, replying to his signal by a smile, jumped in, and directed him to drive to the Rue de Leopol.

To reach there, to alight, to make my way rapidly across the courtyard, and up to the door of her little studio, occupied but a few rapid moments—to open the door softly and by degrees, to enter unperceived and steal up to the back of her chair as she bent low over her drawing, to stand there silently watching the touch of her pencil, and the coming and going of her breath, all this was more difficult and more delightful, and took longer to accomplish.

She was still at work upon the bronze Apollo, when I rather advanced, I noticed sadly, than when I last approached that table and looked down upon the outline. She had been, perhaps, too sorrowful to proceed, and I fancied, though I could see but a very small portion of her cheek, that she looked even paler than was usual with her. Poor Margaret! I felt so grieved for her grief, that I almost forgot my own distress at being excluded from her confidence.

So that arm a little longer and more elevated—yes! As if she had heard my thought unspoken, her careful pencil corrected, and retouched, and travelled on. A laughter curl, Margaret, to that imperial lip—more freedom in the backward falling locks—more power to the hand that grasps the bow! Ah! she effaces it with bread, and tries again. Not less effective, if anything, than before! One more trial—now a light, firm outline, and a steady pen of the copy! Quietly, my pupil, no haste—no excitement—no—

"Admirable! The very inspiration of the Sun god!"

Margaret suppresses a scream, drops the pencil from her fingers, and falls back, trembling and blushing, into her seat.

"How you have alarmed me, monsieur!" she exclaims, pressing her hands upon her heart. It leaps so wildly that I can almost see it beating there against her side.

"I did not intend to startle you, Margaret, thus suddenly. The words escaped me unawares. I had been watching you for many minutes, and had observed the previous failures; so, you see, when the success was achieved, I forgot myself, and could not control the expression of my pleasure. But I am not here to-day to praise, or blame, or play the drawing-master—I have come to take you for a holiday this lovely morning, a holiday in the country."

"A holiday in the country—how delicious!"

She looked up at me with that grateful expression of quiet satisfaction to which I was accustomed from her, and began hastily to put away her drawing. How her hands trembled as she did so, and the quick fancies kept rising and fading at every word! Never before had I seen her so fluttered and agitated—but then, to be sure, never before had I so startled and surprised her.

"Now, Margaret, call either the little Clemence, and I will wait while you make ready. I charge you not to outwear my patience with any 'filken dalliance in the wardrobe,' for our carriage waits below."

Whether it were the unnoted luxury of the drive and the rejoicing aspect of the summer morning, or whether it arose from the apparent cheerfulness and ease of my own manner, I cannot tell; but the timidity with which she at first received me vanished quite away before an hour had elapsed. Indeed I do not remember ever to have known Margaret more childishly happy. The general placidity and reserve of her character seemed to yield to the influence of that glowing sky, as the snow drift melts and dances, sparkling, in the sunlight.

She rose up in the carriage to look round at the level harvest-fields and the distant city spires—she alighted as she had well nigh travelled a couple of miles, to fill her lap with honeysuckle and wild convolvulus from the roadside—she clasped her hands with delight at the sight of a small white butterfly, and imitated

in her sweet, low voice the prolonged shake of the nightingale that peopled the shadowy plantations of poplars and dark pines. As for Clemence, sitting by silently in a corner of the carriage, she was by far the graver and sadder of the two.

For my part, I encouraged her mood by an assumption of unembarrassed kindness which cost me, at the first, a strong effort, but which merged, ere long, into a sentiment of real satisfaction. Her smiles reassured me. I felt that to be thus innocently gay, her secret, if she had one, must be pure and maidenly; and presently the very remembrance of it seemed fading from my mind.

Towards noon we reached a small town, and, staying at the door of the solitary hotel, bade the driver look to his horses, ordered an early dinner from the smiling landlady, and wandered out on foot to stroll in the forest.

It was not what I should understand by the name of a forest, accustomed as I was to the old umbrageous labyrinth of mossy trees that skirted the horizon round about my fair Burgundian home—it was rather a few level acres, regularly planted with the slender fir and pine, and affording a pleasant promenade for students and young lovers.

Here Clemence seemed to wake from her silent apathy and ran in and out the forest seeking, with Margaret, for wild strawberries and "purple dewberries" in the long grass and tangled underwood. Yet, even in this search, the child was unlike other children, and pursued it with a quiet industry and a grave, composed demeanor that contrasted oddly with the innocent gaiety of her older companion. She laughed but seldom, and then softly to herself, as if laughter were a thing to be subdued and controlled. Even when she ran, it was utterly without the buoyant precipitation and careless eagerness of infancy. She was a strange child, and my attention became more and more drawn to her with every time I saw her.

Thus they amused themselves gathering wild fruits and acorns, and finding the brown pinecones that lay scattered here and there beneath the trees, while I wandered near, keeping them in sight and indulging myself in "fancies wild and sweet," growing weary after a while, they sat down to rest at the foot of an alder that overhung a deep, clear pool towards the skirts of the forest, and here, as it was not yet time to return, the child brought me to tell her a fairy story.

"A fairy story, little one! but what if I know none?"

Clemence shook her little dark head and fixed her eyes full upon me.

"I am sure you know one," she said, seriously. "Margaret says you do."

"I never told Margaret a fairy story," I rejoined, laughing. "How should she know that I can do it?"

Margaret blushed and laughed too, and said she thought that Monsieur could do it, if he liked—just to please Clemence!

"Well, then, I must try; but as I know of none I must invent one for the purpose. You must give me some few minutes to consider, and—stay! I have it—but it is not a fairy tale, Clemence."

"Oh, no matter if it is pretty. What is its name?"

"I hardly know—suppose we call it 'The Angel and the Wanderer!'"

"I like that name very much."

She crept up close to Margaret and laid her head down upon her shoulder. Sitting thus, with her pale cheek half turned away, her large dark eyes bent downwards in listening expectation, and her little slender figure curled up, as it were, beneath the folds of Margaret's shawl, she looked so calm and self that one might almost have taken her for Ginevra's Mig non in person. After gazing at the pair for a moment as they sat thus in quiet companion ship, I began my story.

"There was an angel hovering over a great city by night."

"It was so dark and the mist so thick, that the church spires looked like shadowy figures pointing heavenwards, and the tall masts of ships along the river, like the lances and pennons of a hostile army."

"Scarcely a footstep echoed along the wet pavements; scarce a shop threw its broad light out into the deserted streets. It was late—the cold wind rustled moaning on its way, and the rain came heavily down, hurrying the pale light of the flickering gas lamps."

"Still the angel flew on, though the rain spared not his white wings; for he was a good angel, and it was his mission to watch over the hearts of young children, to protect them from evil thoughts and angry impulses; and to bring pleasant dreams to the chambers of those who had been good and truthful and obedient all the day."

"Presently he passed within sight of a small courtyard, at the end of which stood a large white house with all its windows lighted, and he paused in his flight, for he saw a figure crouched up against the wall, just within the shadow of the archway that opened into the courtyard from the street."

"It was a poor little Italian image vendor, with his tray of plaster figures laid beside him. His eyes were closed, his back half bent in long damp locks over his face, and the tears which he had cried himself asleep were yet wet upon his cheeks. The cold hand was sheltered in the breast of his jacket, and the other had fallen listlessly on the ground. The angel bent low and dropped a tear upon the little hand, and said—

"He was weary and sleepy and hungry. He had not sold one image all that day, and he was dreaming of his cruel master, and of the heavy punishment that awaited him. But the angel pressed his lips upon the pale forehead, and folded his wings around the shivering form, and the bad dreams fled away, and he slept peacefully."

"Still he was chilled and weak for need of bread, and the Angel's heart of mercy was troubled. He looked up at the great house; its bright windows were crossed and recrossed by the shadows of the dancers, and the sounds of music and laughter were loud within."

"Alas!" said the Angel, "they are too happy to heed me!"

"Hark! there were footsteps coming quickly along the street! It was a wealthy old citizen hastening home from a card party. He had lost money at the game, and he was out of temper with the weather and with himself. The Angel flew out of the passage and clung to him."

"Help!" he cried. "Help for the cold and the hungry!"

"The citizen shuddered and drew the collar of his coat closer round his neck."

"How the wind whistles into one's ears!" muttered he, and passed by.

"So the Angel flew back, and strove to warm his little charge by breathing on his cold lips and eyelids, but in vain. They grew colder and colder, and still the music and dancing in the great house went merrily on."

"Another passerby!"

"It was a poor needlewoman returning from her day's labor. A good, earnest woman, thinking of her children at home, and never hearing the gentle voice of the appealing Angel."

"Help! help!" he sighed. "Shelter and food! shelter and food!"

"What a thick, raw mist!" said the poor needlewoman. "It's like a cloud before one! Maybe, though, 'tis the long day's work that makes my eyes weak."

"But it was the two white wings that she saw fluttering in her path, only she did not know it; and even the sacred tears that he wept down upon her face she mistook for rain-drops borne upon the wind—and so passed by."

"Still the Angel watched and waited, and still the music and dancing in the great house went merrily on."

"The sleeper moaned and feebly murmured 'Mother!'"

"He was dreaming—dreaming of his far home beside the blue sea. That home where the shadows of the vine leaves round the porch flared on the floor in the bright sunshine—where his gentle mother sat spinning on the threshold, and his little brothers played with shells and seaweed at her feet, and all the days were happy."

"Then the Angel flew up to the windows of the great house, and looked in, and saw a party of merry children dancing gaily together, and a group of older persons sitting by, and watching them with smiles. The chandeliers were shining overhead; the room rang with young voices; the floor showed the quick touches of their light feet. The Angel clasped his hands in despair."

"Help, help, before it is too late!"

And he dashed himself against the window and filled the air with his cries.

"Listen to the rain," said an old white-headed gentleman, who was standing close by with two or three others. "Hear how it beats upon the pane!"

"Ay, and to the wind," replied one near him, taking a pinch of snuff from a powdered box. "It blows like a human voice. But weather, my lord, for the shipping."

"And they spoke of it and noticed it no more."

"So the Angel went back and took the outcast in his arms, and pressed him to his divine heart. But the little cheek still grew colder and colder, and the faint breath fell more faintly, and an hour went by."

"Then a carriage with bright lamps and pawing horses drove up and waited before the archway. Then another and another, till presently there was a long row of them waiting in the street. And very soon the door of the house was opened, and amid the blast of lights and gleamings of many faces, a gentleman and lady with three little children appeared upon the steps."

"But this time the Angel was silent, and just as he came forward he saw the lady, and stood apart."

"He was weary and sleepy and hungry. He had not sold one image all that day, and he was dreaming of his cruel master, and of the heavy punishment that awaited him. But the angel pressed his lips upon the pale forehead, and folded his wings around the shivering form, and the bad dreams fled away, and he slept peacefully."

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LATENT LIFE.

Though never shown by word or deed,
Which we live more from of power,
As the ungodly, within the seed,
The latent power.

And under every common name
That doth its daily use fulfill,
There lies another, more intense
And beautiful still.

This dusty human, wherein is shrouded
The soul, is but the counterfeits
Of that which shall be, more refined
And angelic.

The light which to our sight belongs
Sheds a light more warm and clear—
Music but imitates the song
We do not hear.

The food we eat, the leader him,
Which leads to his expression brings,
Are but the husk the chrysalis
Wears on its wings.

The vigor falling to decay,
Hopes, impulses that fade and die,
Are but the layers peeled away
From life more high.

When death shall come and disallow
These rough and ugly masks we wear,
I think that we shall be as now,
Only more fair.

And he who makes his love to be
Always around me, sure and calm,
Sees what is possible to me,
Not what I am.

A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.

In the report of a Matrimonial Difference recently exhibited before the Divorce Court to public admission, the husband was shown to have adapted from the stage to private life a singular method of regaining his wife's lost affections. He borrowed, from *The Love Chase*, the idea of writing letters to her, and from an imaginary young woman, and of leaving them in the way of his spouse, with the intention of provoking her to jealousy, and by that roundabout method, to love. The final result of which too ingenious contrivance was, that she obtained a separation.

However allowable and innocent these little experiments may be in themselves, we do not think their general adoption in domestic circles would be advisable. One instance only do we know wherein any method other than the straightforward has in the end succeeded. It is the case of a certain rich old lady, who, whenever one of her daughters gets "engaged," insists upon accompanying her and her intended upon a sort of "experimental trip," before the matrimonial one, to Switzerland or other foreign country. If the gentleman acquits himself with usefulness and good temper amid all his trials of getting passports, visas, and taking care of baggage, he is permitted to carry off his prize, but if he exhibits, under any circumstances, the cloven hoof, he gets his coat from mamma. We are bound to say this plan has proved most successful; and indeed, it is perhaps only, after all, a measure of extreme precaution, and cannot be called by any harsher name. The police, indeed, are in the habit of trying their suspected foreign creatures by ordeal, such as putting marked money, which they intend to be stolen, into letter-boxes, but the system is even in their case open to censure; while that, in his youth, has been adopted to join and avenge to Japan, but would detect its introduction into our own households? Imagine a trusting lad, whose worst weakness is that of having a sweet tooth, repairing to the well known though forbidden preserve cupboard, inserting his ingenious fingers into all the pots—so that the delicacy should be equally distributed, and charitably be ascribed to fermentation—horrors from sweet to sweet like the busy bee, and in the seventh (or eighth, perhaps) heaven of an enjoyment that he will never feel in husband or even schoolmaster, and conceive the change in that little boy, if the organ, the housekeeper, shall have mingled with her housewifery stores one of the most powerful domestic medicines! We draw a veil over that guilty woman's mental state, as over the young gentleman's physical condition. His revenge, on the other hand, would be bare, however biting, if he should introduce into the spirit bottle of his father's cellaret any medicinal liquid calculated to disagree with her. The stern moralist, approving the conduct of neither one nor the other, can only shake his head, and send for the family apothecary.

Would it be fair to Mr. Youngblood himself, who is forbidden to smoke, or even to frequent the company of smokers, if his wife should leave a cigar box in his study, and come in upon him unexpectedly at the second whiff, while he was leaning his body perhaps half out of the window, to prevent the possibility of annoyance to her from the delicate perfume? Or would it be fair to Mrs. ——— that, which is the very matter we are coming to, which, affording as it does a warning to all persons who are tempted to make dangerous experiments upon the virtue of their fellow creatures, must by no means be deemed in a paragraph.

Mr. Youngblood, although he has been married a good deal more than one, is nevertheless singular to say—somewhat susceptible of women. Far from being in general an admirer of Lord Byron or his opinions, he yet agrees with that poet in ascribing a very considerable influence over the softer sex to opportunity. "If a woman sees a becoming beauty that she knows she can never afford to buy, sir, and the milliner says: 'It's no consequence, ma'am; I can wait for the money a little while; she'll come home with that bonnet upon her head, or in a basket, to a certainty. They can't resist it, sir, for resistance isn't in 'em.'"

Such being Mr. Y.'s openly expressed opinion, one would imagine that he would be the last person to have made experiments of a tentative kind upon his own better-half; that the attraction of the earth being settled, he would not be throwing apples into the air all day to see whether they would come down or no. Such however, we regret to say, is the fact, and even in the case of the last, that is to say the present, Mrs. Young-

blood, our suspicions might not further testing her conjugal devotion. There was not, we beg to state, the very slightest ground for such a proceeding; the gentleman is a good-looking, smooth faced personage, of powerful appearance—being indeed a clergyman and the lady looks up to him (he having considerably the advantage in point of years) with the affectionate reverence that is his due; they get on, in short, exceedingly well together, and he is not so addicted as so experienced a matrimonialist might be forgiven for being, to throwing at her the good behavior of his other wives, whenever she displeases him.

It was during their wedding-tour, and while they were journeying from Bristol northward, that the idea of the unwarrantable proceeding which we are about to relate, entered suddenly into his foolish old noodle. Most persons have heard of the Box Tunnel—the largest but one, if not the largest, of the Tarnant roads for which our railways are celebrated; the ordinary Great Western speed is lessened as its trains burrow under that long hill, and only a well like shaft at rare intervals assures the passenger that, in spite of appearances he has not left daylight for ever.

In the same first-class carriage with the Youngbloods, got in at Bath a young dragoon, hirsute and of a martial countenance, at sight of whom the wary Benedict—or Benedictine—thus colloquially as they were about to enter the tunnel; "Now will I prove my Angelina, that she loves me and only me, and that the attractions of even this handsome hero would be quite thrown away upon her." So, in the darkness and the thunder of their subterranean journey, this cunning man leaned forward in his seat—so that his face would seem to come from the opposite side where sat the soldier—and on the lip of his unsuspecting consort imprinted an experimental kiss. He was back again, and wearing an unconquerable countenance as they whirled beneath the shaft, when the momentary light revealed his bride—oh, Heaven!—as quiet, composed, and innocent of anything having just occurred, as himself! Again this deceiver did it, again and again, as many kisses did the bestow upon her as there were shafts—as though they had been Cupid's shafts—and still the lady took them, and made neither sign nor sound. Mr. Youngblood was almost out of his mind with jealousy, and ready to tear from his head that hair among which the fingers of Time had already been gleaming. There was but a very little darkness now remaining wherein the star of Angelina's constancy might yet display itself—the space between the last shaft and the termination of the tunnel. This precious interval he employed in counterfeiting with renewed care his military countenance; he fortunately possessed a very long neck; and by craning round, he even succeeded in saluting the dear girl upon the cheek that was, according to their relative positions, away from him—thereby, as he imagined, placing the identity of himself with the handsome dragoon beyond all question with her.

Conceive, therefore, Mr. Youngblood's excessive dismay when his Angelina, after suffering him with much equanimity to "graze"—as he subsequently expressed it, to Mrs. Y.'s indignation—for a considerable period, very quietly kissed him again. In the whole annals of love making, there was never probably any precedent for a swain so singularly discomfited; if she had but slapped his face, he would have thanked her from the bottom of his heart. Mr. Youngblood had often had occasion to moralize, professionally, upon the vice hypocrisy of the human family; but he had never before beheld, as he thought, so tremendous an example of it as he read in his Angelina's face when it emerged from that Box Tunnel. Had she been a Sister of Charity, who had employed herself throughout the darkness in telling her beads or saying her prayers, she could not have presented to his astonished gaze a more childlike expression of feminine innocence.

He told her to let down the window, which had been closed during the passage, in so sharp a marital tone, that the dragoon looked up in chivalric pity for her, and drove Mr. Y. thereby to the confines of madness; nor was it without difficulty that he repressed his indignation until that disturber of his peace had left the carriage, and himself and his abandoned help-mate were once more alone together.

"Madam," cried he, "that fellow kissed you as we came through the tunnel, and you know it."

"But how do you know it?" asked Mrs. Youngblood, with a comical twinkle of her eyes that would have disarmed a pacha.

"And you kissed him again," continued he, in vain endeavoring to keep warm his jealous wrath.

"Only once," replied Angelina, laughing—"only once and away."

It was impossible that even Mr. Youngblood could hold out any longer in his unwarrantable suspicions, so he relaxed at once into confidence and the domestic affections.

"But, Angelina, my love, do tell me; how did you know it was me?"

"Know?" answered she naively—"why, very easily; it's as different as possible when a person has moustaches, and when a person has not."

Mr. Youngblood, who had been upon the point of regaining tranquillity, was plunged once more into suspicions by this reply—for might she not have been enjoying two sets of kisses in the tunnel? but he has made up his mind to believe this, at all events—that nothing satisfactory is to be derived from any experiments of the dangerous character of the above.

HEARING THROUGH THE OPEN MOUTH.—A correspondent of the *Notes and Queries* states that a deaf friend of his found he could hear with tolerable distinctness when he placed the rim of his hat in his mouth. The correspondent had tried the experiment with other deaf friends, and generally with success. It may be questioned if the rim of the hat has anything to do with the case. The mere opening of the mouth, by allowing the sound to pass in by the Eustachian tube, may be what enabled these persons to hear. It is for the sake of this help to hearing, that, when we are very intent in listening, we instinctively open our mouths.

THE WILL OF PETER THE GREAT.

PRELIMINARY CONSIDERATIONS.

In the name of the most Holy and Indivisible Trinity, we, Peter the First, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, do, to all our descendants and successors to the throne and government of the Russian nation:

God, from whom we derive our existence, and to whom we owe our crown, having constantly enlightened us by His Spirit, and sustained us by His divine help, allow us to look on the Russian people as called upon hereafter to hold many our Empire! My reason for thus thinking is, that the European nations have lately reached a state of old age, bordering on imbecility, or they are rapidly approaching it; naturally, then, they will be easily and indolently conquered by a people strong in youth and vigor, especially when this latter shall have attained its full strength and power. I look on the future invasion of the eastern and western countries by the north, as a periodical movement, ordained by Providence, who in like manner regenerated the Roman nation by barbarian invasions. These emigrations of men from the north are as the reflux of the Nile, which, at certain periods, comes to fertilize the impoverished lands of Egypt by its deposit. I found Russia as a rivulet, I leave it, a river; my successors will make of it a large sea, destined to fertilize the impoverished lands of Europe; and its waters will overflow, in spite of opposing dikes, erected by weak hands. If our descendants only know how to direct its course. This is the reason I leave them the following instructions. I give these countries to their watchfulness and care, as Moses gave the Tables of the Law to the Jewish people.

I. Keep the Russian nation in a state of continual war, so as to have the soldier always under arms, and ready for action, excepting when the finances of the state will not allow of it. Keep up the forces; choose the best moment for attack. By these means you will be ready for war even in the time of peace. This is the interest of the future aggrandizement of Russia.

II. Endeavor, by every possible means, to bring in, from the neighboring civilized countries of Europe, officers in time of war, and learned men in times of peace, thus giving the Russian people the advantages enjoyed by other countries, without allowing them to lose any of their own self-respect.

III. On every occasion take a part in the affairs and quarrels of Europe; above all, in those of Germany, which country being the nearest, more immediately concerns us.

IV. Divide Poland, by exciting civil discord there; win over the nobility by bribery; corrupt the diets, so as to have influence in the election of kings; get partisans into office—protect them; bring to sejourne there the Muscovite troops, until such time as they can be permanently established there. If the neighboring powers start difficulties, appease them, for a time, by promising out the country, until you can retake in detail all that has been ceded.

V. Take as much as you can from Sweden; and cause yourselves to be attacked by her, so as to have a pretext for subduing her. To accomplish this, never denounce from Sweden, and Sweden from Denmark, carefully keeping up their rivalries.

VI. Always choose as wives for the Russian princes, German princesses, so as to increase family alliances, to draw mutual interests closer, and by propagating our principles in Germany, to enlist her in our cause.

VII. England requiring us for her navy, and she being the only power that can aid in the development of ours, seek a commercial alliance with her, in preference to any other. Exchange our wood and the productions of our land for her gold, and establish between her merchants, her sailors, and ours, a continual intercourse. This will aid in perfecting the Russian fleet for navigation and commerce.

VIII. Extend your possessions towards the north, along the Baltic; and towards the south, by the Black Sea.

IX. Approach as near as possible to Constantinople and its suburbs. He who shall reach there will be the true sovereign of the world. Consequently, be continually at war—sometimes with the Turks, sometimes with Persia. Establish dockyards on the Black Sea; get on the possession of it by degrees, also of the Baltic Sea; thus being necessary to the accomplishment of the plan. Hasten the decline of Persia; penetrate to the Persian Gulf, re-establish, if possible, the ancient commerce of the Levant through Syria, and make your way to the Indies—they are the emporium of the world. Once there, you can do without the gold of Kiangnan.

X. Seek, and carefully keep up an alliance with Austria; acquiesce, apparently, in her ideas of dominating over Germany; at the same time, clandestinely exciting against her the jealousy of the neighboring provinces—endeavor that the aid of Russia should be called for by one and the other, so that, by exercising a kind of guardianship over the country, you prepare a way for governing hereafter.

XI. Give the House of Austria an interest for joining in banishing the Turks from Europe;

* Deposited in the archives of the palace of Peterhof, near St. Petersburg.

This authentic document (the supreme foundation and law of Russian politics since the time of Peter I.) was confidentially deposited in the hands of the Abbe de Bernis, Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1757; and also in those of Louis XV.—See the *Memoirs of the Chevalier d'Éon*, t. i. p. 170. A copy is also to be found in the diplomatic archives of the French Empire, and a transcript of this appears in the volume, *Politique de la Russie en Orient—par Victor Margue*, from which our translation is taken.

To steal and lie," said Bulhorn, one of the best Russian writers, "are the two auxiliary verbs of our language." Certainly Peter I. has made good use of them in his will, adding now and then the verbs, to extend, to advance, to divide, to share, to dominate, to subdue, to corrupt, &c.

Stanislaus Potemstok, lover of Catherine II., and last king of Poland, was elected by the influence of the Princess Augustina and Michael Carstarky, his parents being declared partisans of Russia.

desired her of her share of the booty, at the conquest of Constantinople, either by raising a war for her with the ancient states of Europe, or by giving her a portion which you will take back at a future period.

XII. Attack to yourselves, and assemble around you, all the united Greeks, as also the disunited or schismatic, which are scattered either in Hungary, Turkey, or the south of Poland. Make yourselves their centres, their chief support, and lay the foundation for universal supremacy by establishing a kind of royalty or sacerdotal government; the Slavonic Greeks will be so many friends that you will have scattered among your enemies.

XIII. Sweden severed, Persia and Turkey conquered, Poland subjugated, our armies reunited, the Black and the Baltic Seas guarded by our vessels, you must make propositions separately and discreetly—first to the court of Versailles, then to that of Vienna, to share with them the empire of the universe.

If one of them accept—and it cannot be otherwise, so as you flatter their pride and ambition—make use of it to crush the other; then crush, in its turn, the surviving one, by engaging with it in a death-struggle, the issue of which cannot be doubtful, Russia possessing already all the east and a great part of Europe.

XIV. If—which is not likely—both refuse the propositions of Russia, you must manage to raise quarrels for them, and make them exhaust one another; then profiting by a decisive moment, Russia will bring down her assembled troops on Germany; at the same time, two considerable fleets will set out—the one from the Sea of Azov, the other from the port of Archangel—loaded with Asiatic hordes, under the convoy of the armed fleets from the Black Sea and the Baltic. Advancing by the Mediterranean and the Atlantic Ocean, they will invade France on one side, whilst Germany will already have been invaded on the other. These countries conquered, the rest of Europe will easily pass under the yoke, without striking a single blow.

XV. Thus Europe can and ought to be subdued.

PETER I.,
AUTOCRAT OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

Wit and Humor.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

Once, two ministers of the Gospel were conversing on extemporaneous preaching.

"Well," said the old divine, waxing warm, "you are ruining yourself by writing your sermons and reading them off. Your congregation cannot become interested in your preaching; and if you were called upon to preach unexpectedly, unless you could get hold of an old sermon, you would be completely confuted."

The young divine used all his eloquence, but in vain, to convince the old gentleman that the written sermon expressed his own thoughts and feeling, and, if called upon, he could preach extemporaneously.

"As we are of the same faith," said the young minister, "suppose you try me next Sabbath morning. On ascending the pulpit you can hand me a text from any part of the Bible, and I will convince you that I can preach without having looked at the text before I stood up. Likewise, I must be allowed the same privilege with you, and see who will make the best of it."

The idea seemed to delight the old gentleman, and it was immediately agreed upon.

The following Sabbath, on mounting the pulpit, his senior brother handed him a slip of paper, on which was written: "And the ass opened his mouth and spake;" from which he preached a glorious sermon, charming the attention of his delighted hearers, and charming his old friend with his eloquence.

In the afternoon, the young brother, who was sitting below the pulpit, handed his slip. After rising and opening the Bible, the old man looked sadly around—"Am I not this ass?" Posing a few minutes, he ran his fingers through his hair, straightened his collar, blew his nose like the last trumpet, and read aloud—"Am I not this ass?" Another pause, in which a deadly silence reigned. After reading a third time—"Am I not this ass?" he looked over the pulpit at his friend, and in a doleful voice, said—"I think I am, brother."

THE PAINTER AND THE PRINCE.—Frank Leslie's News tells the following capital "Rowland for an Oliver" anecdote, as of recent occurrence in New York:

Some few days since, Judge Whitley was subpoenaed as a witness in the Forrest case. His old acquaintance, Prince John Van Buren, was the examining counsel. The Judge, who now and then aims at the factions, was asked by the Prince what his occupation was.

"Oh," said he, "I'm a painter, poet, politician, justice of the peace, editor—in a word, a Jack of all trades."

"Put that down," said the Prince. "Jack of all trades."

"Excuse me," replied the Judge, "that was a mere pleasantry. I protest against your putting that down."

"I insist," retorted the pertinacious Prince; and it was duly entered that Thomas W. Whitley confessed to being a Jack of all trades.

In a few minutes afterwards the facetious Jack of all trades had his revenge on the Princes Jack of all parties; for, upon his asking how it was that Whitley was so sure he was in Buffalo in 1848, the sarcastic Jersey Justice said, in a most emphatic manner:

"Because I had then the pleasure of hearing Mr. John Van Buren make his famous free-soil speech!"

A laugh from the spectators greeted the retort, while the Prince groaned inwardly.

A few days since, a "wee bit of boy" astonished his mother. She had occasion to chastise him slightly for some offence he had committed. Carefully sat very quietly in his chair for some time afterward, no doubt thinking very profoundly. At last he spoke out thus—"Mamma, I wish I'd got another housekeeper; I've got tired seen' you round!"

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FRENCH AND AMERICAN BRANDY.—A gentleman of our acquaintance wished to purchase some good brandy to be used in sickness, and called on an old German liquor dealer in Philadelphia, when the following dialogue ensued:

"Have you any imported brandy—genuine stuff?"

"Very good brandy. Come and drink some claret punch; dat ish good, tee, van de vader ish bet."

"No, I thank you, I want a little brandy for a sick man."

"Come and try de punch. One vriend from Germany peen here. I see him not peen, for many years. We peen drinking de punch."

"Come and tell me about the brandy. I want a little of the best in market."

The old gentleman was a little mellow—just enough to make him talkative; and the visit of his friend had so warmed his sympathies as to make him communicative.

"Now, my vriend, you want good brandy, and I sell you good brandy. Dare ish some brandy I makes myself, and dat ish good. Dare ish some I bought in New York, and dat ish cheap brandy. Dare ish some dat I imported from France, and dat ish verra good, tee."

"Did you say you made that lot yourself?"

"Dat I makes myself, and I verra dist. It ish made of de verra best whiskey."

"Whiskey! I don't want any of your infernal concoctions made of whiskey and called brandy."

(Old gentleman, solemnly.) "It is all made of whiskey, my vriend, and dat ish de reason why de French brandy is not so good as good American brandy. No brandy ish now distilled from wine any more; it is not possible to make it cheap enough for de market from wine and de American people do not like de real brandy because they are not used to it."

"Did you say that French brandy is not so good as our own manufacture? We import some brandy from France, do we not?"

"Oh, we import plenty of brandy to please de rich peoples, but ish not good. In France de brandy ish made of potato whiskey and dat is not so good as de corn whiskey what we makes into brandy here!"—*Chester County Times.*

HARD TO BEAT.—The best thing we have heard of an antiquarian, is told of William F. Goodwin, Esq., of Concord, N. H., who is acknowledged to be the greatest antiquarian in New England. Mr. G., in order to add another valuable volume of legal lore to his already well stocked library, is engaged in hunting up copies of the celebrated criminal trials that have taken place in the State of New Hampshire. Observing in a catalogue of books issued by an old and distinguished publishing house in New York, that a copy of a trial he was in search of, was for sale, Mr. G. immediately wrote to the firm requesting them to forward it to him. By due course of mail he received a letter informing him that the copy of the trial he desired had been sold, but that they would procure another copy for him, and that their business was so extensive, both in this country and in Europe, that they could furnish him with a copy of any trial he might desire.

Mr. G., having been placed in the same position several times by attempting to purchase catalogue books with the prices annexed, wrote back the following short but pithy note:

GOSWORTHY, N. H., July 2, 1859.

Gentlemen: Yours of the 30th of June is at hand. He kind enough to procure for me, as soon as may be, one copy of the trial of the "two thieves" who were hanged, "one on the right hand and another on the left of our Saviour when He was crucified," and very much obliged.

Your obedient servant,
W. F. GOODWIN.

P. S. Be very careful and get the edition that contains the indictment, for I have never been able to find out what those two rascals stole.

The above letter is to be preserved in the New York Historical Society Archives, and a dinner awaits the pleasure of the author.—*Boston Journal.*

THE ADVANTAGE OF DEBT.—A dashing young woman having written to her absent husband for the means to pay off "a few small debts," received in reply the following fiscal and philosophic advice:

MY DEAR CHICKEN:—Never attempt to get out of debt. The woman who owes nobody is a poor, miserable being; nobody manifests any interest in her welfare—nobody cares a continental cent whether she lives or dies. She is lean, hungry, and generally as poor and wretched as were the pin-feathers on Job's turkey. Look at our great men: they are all debtors—owe everybody; our men of science, our authors, our sensation ministers—all the entire cohort of them are deeper in debt than Pharaoh's army were in the Red Sea. Debt ennobles a woman; gives her a more expanded and liberal view of human nature; makes her energetic, healthy, and active, and keeps her moving—especially if she never pays rent or anything else. Nothing will cure the consumptive quicker than a good, strong dose of debt, properly taken. To owe, is human; to pay, divine. Therefore, until woman becomes superhuman she shouldn't attempt to emulate divinity. The science of payment—the true modern science—is get in debt to somebody enough to pay somebody else whom you owe. By this means, you avoid getting out of debt, and yet maintain a reputation of paying. The greatness of a nation increases with its national debt. Make a note of this ninety days.

Your indebted husband,
J. R.

IN A FINE FRISKY ROLLING.—A brilliant young gentleman remarked, the other day, to a lady with whom he was bowling ten pins:

"I think, Miss, that you would have made a capital baker."

"Indeed, sir; why?"

"Because you make such excellent rolls."

Here is another joke in the same line:

"Hollo! who's there?" exclaimed a young man, as he entered the Bowling Saloon at Lake George.

"'Tis I, sir, rolling rapidly," replied a young lady, as she sent a ball whizzing down the alley.

THOSE YOUNG ORCHIDS.—The Rome Sentinel relates that a three-year old girl accompanied her father on a visit to her grand parent in the country, where a bleeding is invoked by the white-haired patriarch before each meal. The custom was one with which our little friend had not been made familiar at home, and of course on the first occasion she was silent with interest and curious watchfulness. But when the family gathered around the board the second time after the commencement of her visit, she was prepared for the preliminary religious ceremony, and observing that her father did not seem duly conscious of the approaching solemnity, she called him to order by saying, with stern gravity:

"Be still, papa—grandpapa's going to talk to his plate pretty soon!"

Useful Receipts.

PICKLED BEANS.—Select young beans; string and wash them. Make a brine of salt and water strong enough to bear an egg. Put your beans into it, and let them remain until they change color. Then take them out, and wash them in clear water. Line the bottom of your kettle with green cabbage leaves, put in your beans, and as much vinegar and water, or clear water, as will cover them. Lay cabbage leaves over the top; put them over a slow fire, and let them get scalding hot. When they are green, take them out, and let them drain. Put them in jars with some allspice, cloves, a little mustard seed and scraped horseradish, and enough vinegar to cover them.

Place them close, and keep them in a cool, dry place.

PICKLED ARTICHOKE.—Wash your artichokes, put them in strong salt and water, and let them remain four or five days. Then take them out, rinse them in fresh water, wipe them dry, and put them in jars. Add to them cloves, allspice, and mustard seed. Cover with cold vinegar, and tie them up close.

PICKLED NASTURTIUMS.—Lay them in salt and water for two or three days; then wash them in fresh water, and let them drain. Put them in jars, and cover them with cold vinegar. If it should be preferred, a little spice may be added to the vinegar, but it discolors the pickles.

A little sugar is a very great improvement.

PICKLED MUSHROOMS.—Select small mushrooms, commonly called buttons. Cut off the end of each stalk; scrape, wash, and spread them out to drain. Take as much vinegar as will cover them, put into it some salt, cinnamon, mace, cloves, allspice, and just enough salt to taste. Put the mushrooms in jars. Boil the spice and vinegar, and pour it over the pickles while hot. Cover them close, as soon as they get cold.—*Widdifield's Cook Book.*

PRESERVING HAMS THROUGH SUMMER.—Make a number of cotton bags, a little larger than your hams; after the hams are well smoked, place them in the bags; then get the best kind of sweet, well made hay, cut it with a knife, and with your hands press it well around the hams in the bag; tie the bags with good strings, put on a card of the year to show their age, and hang them up in a garret or some dry room, and they will hang five years, and will be better for boiling than on the day you hang them up. This method costs but little, and the hams will last forty years. No flies or bugs will trouble the hams, if the hay is well pressed around them; the sweating of the hams will be taken up by the hay, and the hay will impart a fine flavor to the hams. The hams should be treated in this way before the hot weather sets in.—*Southern Farmer.*

CURE FOR SPRAINS.—In the Paris Hospitals a treatment is practiced that is found most successful for a frequent accident, and which can be applied by the most inexperienced. If the ankle is sprained, for instance, let the operator hold the foot in his hands, with the thumb meeting on the swollen part. These, having been previously greased, are pressed successively with increasing force on the injured and painful spot for about a quarter of an hour.—This application being repeated several times, will, in the course of a day, enable the patient to walk, when other means would have failed to relieve him.

CAN GOAT BE CURED?—It is said that the so-called goat has been cured by a persevering use of coffee. In the French colonies, as well as in Turkey, where coffee constitutes the principal beverage, the goat is almost unknown. We do not vouch for the infallibility of this remedy, but it is a harmless one, and worthy of a trial.

OLIVE OIL AS AN ANTIDOTE IN POISONING.—The Druggist, published in Cincinnati, Ohio, states that a paragraph has been extensively circulated in the daily papers to the effect that olive oil is an antidote for all poisons. This is so far from being true, that it increases the effect of one very common poison—phosphorus—and has no power as an antidote to most of the others. There is no universal antidote, and in cases of poisoning, when the proper remedy is not known, the safest plan, in the absence of a competent physician, is to produce vomiting if it has not already come on, by some simple emetic, such as mustard and water, and then give mucilaginous drinks—such as milk, flour and water, &c.

BENEDICT FOR DOGS.—Tansy is highly recommended as an antidote to fleas. Give a bed of it to your dog.

DUNNY DOORS IN LITERATURE.—Speaking of "dunny doors," sometimes absolutely necessary in a library for the concealment of closets, and the maintenance of general uniformity, Mr. Leighton gives as this pleasant information:—"The titles of the works selected (for these mock volumes) ought at once to indicate the fictitious nature of the spirit. In the collections of the Duke of Devonshire, at Chatsworth, and the late Samuel Rogers, in London, these false backs were made the medium of much wit; instead of mock Mittons and spurious Shakespeares, tall Troumans and short Spensers, fat Bacons and thin Loufellowes, were to be found such books as 'The Circle Squared,' 'Nabashadzezar on Grasses,' 'The Ruby on Court Guide,' 'Sir C. Haven on Dancing,' 'Cantate on Tidal Waves,' 'Pantographs of the Ancients,' &c.; these, with the titles of unwritten works of great authors, affording matter for thought."

THE WORN WEDDING-RING.

Your wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife; ah, summer not a few.
Since I put it on your finger first, have passed o'er me and you.
And, love, what changes we have seen—what care and pleasure too—
Since you became my own dear wife, when this old ring was new.

Oh, blessings on that happy day, the happiest of my life,
When, thanks to God, your low sweet "Yes" made you my loving wife;
Your heart will say the same, I know; that day's as dear to you,
That day that made me yours, dear wife, when this old ring was new.

How well do I remember now, your young sweet face that day;
How fair you were—how dear you were—my tongue could hardly say;
Nor how I doted on you: ah, how proud I was of you;
But did I love you more than now, when this old ring was new?

No—no; no fairer were you then than at this hour to me,
And dear as life to me this day, how could you dearest be?
As sweet your face might be that day as now it is, 'tis true,
But did I know your heart as well when this old ring was new?

Oh, partner of my gladness, wife, what care, what grief is there,
For me you would not bravely face—with me you would not share?
Oh, what a weary want had every day, if wanting you,
Wanting the love that God made mine when this old ring was new.

Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife—small voices that are here,
Small faces round our fire that make their mother's yet more dear,
Small, loving hearts, your care each day makes yet more like to you,
More like the loving heart made mine when this old ring was new.

And, blessed be God, all He has given are with us yet; around
Our table, every little life lent to us, still is found;
Though cares we've known, with hopeful hearts the worst we've struggled through;
Blessed be His name for all His love since this old ring was new.

The past is dear; its sweetness still our memories treasure yet;
The griefs we've borne, together borne, we would not now forget;
Whatever, wife, the future brings, heart unto heart still true,
We'll share as we have shared all else since this old ring was new.

And if God spare us 'mongst our sons and daughters to grow old,
We know His goodness will not let your heart or mine grow cold;
Your aged eyes will see in mine all they've still shown to you,
And mine in yours all they have seen since this old ring was new.

And oh, when death shall come at last to bid me to my rest,
May I die looking in those eyes, and resting on that breast;
Oh, may my parting gaze be blessed with the dear sight of you,
Of those fond eyes—fond as they were when this old ring was new.

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ture is far brighter, Lucie, seen through your marriage, than it could have been—may, than it ever was—without it."

"If I could hope that, my father!"

"Believe it! Indeed, it is so. Consider how natural and how plain it is, my dear, that it should be so. You, devoted and young, cannot freely appreciate the anxiety I have felt that your life should not be wasted."

She moved her hand towards his lips, but he took it in his and repeated the word.

"Wasted, my child—should not be wasted, struck aside from the natural order of things, for my sake. Your unselfishness cannot entirely comprehend how much my mind has gone on this; but, only ask yourself, how could my happiness be perfect, while yours was incomplete?"

"If I had never seen Charles, my father, I should have been quite happy with you."

He smiled at her unconscious admission that she would have been unhappy without Charles, having seen him, and replied:

"My child, you did see him, and it is Charles. If it had not been Charles, it would have been another. Or, if it had been no other, I should have been the cause, and then the dark part of my life would have cast its shadow beyond itself, and would have fallen on you."

It was the first time, except at the trial, of her ever hearing him refer to the period of his suffering. It gave her a strange and new sensation, while his words were in her ears; and she remembered it long afterwards.

"See!" said the Doctor of Beauvais, raising his hand towards the moon. "I have looked at her, from my prison-window, when I could not bear her light. I have looked at her, when it has been such torture to me to think of her shining upon what I had lost, that I have beaten my head against my prison-walls. I have looked at her, in a state so dull and lethargic, that I have thought of nothing but the number of horizontal lines I could draw across her at the full, and the number of perpendicular lines with which I could intersect them."

He added in his inward and pondering manner, as he looked at the moon,

"It was twenty either way, I remember, and the twentieth was difficult to squeeze in."

The strange thrill with which she heard him go back to that time, deepened as he dwelt upon it; but, there was nothing to shock her in the manner of his reference. He only seemed to contrast his present cheerfulness and felicity with the dire endurance that was over.

"I have looked at her, speculating thousands of times upon the unborn child from whom I had been rent. Whether it was alive. Whether it had been born alive, or the poor mother's shock had killed it. Whether it was a son who would some day avenge his father, (There was a time in my imprisonment, when my desire for vengeance was unbearable.)"

Whether it was a son who might even live to weigh the possibility of his father's having disappeared of his own will and act. Whether it was a daughter, who would grow to be a woman."

She drew closer to him, and kissed his cheek and his hand.

"I have pictured my daughter to myself as perfectly forgetful of me—rather, altogether ignorant of me, and unconscious of me. I have cast up the years of her age, year after year. I have seen her married to a man who knew nothing of my fate. I have altogether perished from the remembrance of the living, and in the next generation my place was a blank."

"My father! Even to hear that you had such thoughts of a daughter who never existed, strikes to my heart as if I had been that child."

"You, Lucie! It is out of the consolation and restoration you have brought to me, that these remembrances arise, and pass between us and the moon on this last night! What did I say just now?"

"She knew nothing of you. She cared nothing for you."

"So! But on other moonlight nights, when the sadness and the silence have touched me in a different way—have affected me with a something as like a sorrowful sense of peace, as any emotion that had pain for its foundation could—I have imagined her as coming to me in my cell, and leading me out into the freedom beyond the fortress. I have seen her image in the moonlight often, as I now see you; except that I never held her in my arms; it stood between the little grated window and the door. But you understand that that was not the child I am speaking of."

"The figure was not; the—the image; the fancy?"

"No. That was another thing. It stood before my disturbed sense of sight, but it never moved. The phantom that my mind pursued, was another and more real child. Of her outward appearance, I know no more than that she was like her mother. The other had that likeness too—as you have—but was not the same. Can you follow me, Lucie? Hardly, I think! I doubt you must have been a solitary prisoner to understand these perplexed distinctions."

His collected and calm manner could not prevent her blood from running cold, as he thus tried to anatomize his old condition.

"In that more peaceful state, I have imagined her, in the moonlight, coming to me and taking me out to show me that the home of her married life was full of her loving remembrance of her lost father. My picture was in her room, and I was in her prayers. Her life was active, cheerful, useful; but my poor history pervaded it all."

"I was that child, my father. I was not half so good, but in my love that was I."

"And she showed me her children," said the Doctor of Beauvais, "and they had heard of me, and had been taught to pity me. When they passed a prison of the State, they kept far from its frowning walls, and looked up at its bars, and spoke in whispers. She could never deliver me; I imagined that she always brought me back after showing me such things. But then, blessed with the relief of tears, I fell upon my knees, and blessed her."

He looked at her, and then laid the bright golden hair against his little brown wig, with a genuine tenderness and delicacy, which, if such things be old-fashioned, were as old as Adam.

The door of the Doctor's room opened, and he came out with Charles Darnay. He was so deadly pale—which had not been the case when they went in together—that no vestige of color was to be seen in his face. But, in the composure of his manner he was unaltered, except that to the shrewd glance of Mr. Lorry it disclosed some shadowy indication that the old air of avoidance and dread had lately passed over him, like a cold wind.

He gave his arm to his daughter, and took her down stairs to the chariot which Mr. Lorry had hired in honor of the day. The rest followed in another carriage, and soon, in a neighboring church where no strange eyes looked on, Charles Darnay and Lucie Manette were happily married.

Besides the glancing tears that shone among the smiles of the little group when it was done, some diamonds, very bright and sparkling, glanced on the bride's hand, which were newly released from the dark obscurity of one of Mr. Lorry's pockets. They returned home to breakfast, and all went well, and in due course the golden hair that had mingled with the poor shoemaker's white locks in the Paris garret, were mingling with them again in the morning sunlight, on the threshold of the door at parting.

It was a hard parting, though it was not for long. But, her father cheered her, and said at last, gently disengaging himself from her enfolding arms, "Take her, Charles! She is yours!" And her agitated hand waved to them from a chaise window, and she was gone.

The corner being out of the way of the idle and curious, and the preparations having been very simple and few, the Doctor, Mr. Lorry, and Miss Pross, were left quite alone. It was when they turned into the welcome shade of the cool old hall, that Mr. Lorry observed a great change to have come over the Doctor; as if the golden arm uplifted there had struck him a poisoned blow.

He had naturally repressed much, and some revelation might have been expected in him when the occasion for repression was gone. But it was the old scared look that troubled Mr. Lorry; and through his absent manner of clasping his head and dreadingly wandering away into his own room when they got up stairs, Mr. Lorry was reminded of the late wine-shop keeper, and the straight rig.

"I think," he whispered to Miss Pross, under anxious consideration, "I think we had best not speak to him just now, or at all disturb him. I must look in at Tellson's; so I will go there at once and come back presently. Then we will take him a ride into the country, and dine there, and all will be well."

It was easier for Mr. Lorry to look in at Tellson's, than to look out of Tellson's. He was detained two hours. When he came back, he ascended the old staircase alone, having asked no question of the servant; going thus into the Doctor's room, he was stopped by a low sound of knocking.

"Good God!" he said, with a start. "What's that?"

"I am that child, I hope, my father. Oh, my dear, my dear, will you bless me as fervently, to-morrow?"

"Lucie, I recall these old troubles in the reason that I have to-night for loving you better than words can tell, and thanking God for my great happiness. My thoughts, when they were wildest, never rose near the happiness that I have known with you, and that we have before us."

He embraced her, solemnly commended her to Heaven, and humbly thanked Heaven for having bestowed her on him. By-and-by, they went into the house.

There was no one hidden to the marriage but Mr. Lorry; there was even to be no bridesmaid but the guest Miss Pross. The marriage was to make no change in their place of residence; they had been able to extend it, by taking to themselves the upper rooms formerly belonging to the apocryphal invisible lodger, and they desired nothing more.

Doctor Manette was very cheerful at the little supper. They were only three at table, and Miss Pross made the third. He regretted that Charles was not there; was more than half disposed to object to the loving little plot that kept him away; and drank to him affectionately.

So, the time came for him to bid Lucie good-night, and they separated. But, in the stillness of the third hour of the morning, Lucie came down stairs again, and stole into his room; not free from unshaped fears, before-hand.

All things, however, were in their places; all was quiet; and he lay asleep, his white hair picturesque on the untroubled pillow, and his hands lying quiet on the coverlet. She put her needless candle in the shadow at a distance, crept up to his bed, and put her lips to his; then, leaned over him and looked at him.

Into his handsome face, the bitter waters of captivity had worn; but, he covered up their tracks with a determination so strong, that he held the mastery of them, even in his sleep. A more remarkable face in its quiet, resolute, and guarded struggle with an unseen assailant, was not to be held in all the wide dominions of sleep, that night.

She timidly laid her hand on his dear breast, and put up a prayer that she might ever be as true to him as her love aspired to be, and as his sorrows deserved. Then, she withdrew her hand, and kissed his lips once more, and went away. So, the sunrise came, and the shadows of the leaves of the plane tree moved upon his face, as softly as her lips had moved in praying for him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MARRIAGE DAY WAS SHINING BRIGHTLY, and they were ready under the closed door of the Doctor's room, where he was speaking with Charles Darnay. They were ready to go to church; the beautiful bride, Mr. Lorry, and Miss Pross—to whom the event, through a gradual process of reconciliation to the inevitable, would have been one of absolute bliss, but for the yet lingering consideration that her brother Solomon should have been the bridegroom.

"And so," said Mr. Lorry, who could not sufficiently admire the bride, and who had been moving round her to take in every point of her quiet, pretty dress; "and so it was for this, my sweet Lucie, that I brought you across the Channel, such a baby! Lord bless me! How little I thought what I was doing. How lightly I valued the obligation I was conferring on my friend Mr. Charles!"

"You didn't mean it," remarked the matter of fact Miss Pross, "and therefore how could you know it? Nonsense!"

"Really? Well; but don't cry," said the gentle Mr. Lorry.

"I am not crying," said Miss Pross; "you are."

"I, my Pross?" (By this time, Mr. Lorry dared to be pleasant with her, on occasion.)

"You were just now; I saw you do it, and I don't wonder at it. Such a present of plate as you have made 'em, is enough to bring tears into anybody's eyes. There's not a fork or a spoon in the collection," said Miss Pross, "that I didn't cry over, last night after the box came, till I couldn't see it."

"I am highly gratified," said Mr. Lorry, "though, upon my honor, I had no intention of rendering those trifling articles of remembrance, invisible to any one. Dear me! This is an occasion that makes a man speculate on all he has lost. Dear, dear, dear! To think that these fifty years almost!"

"Not at all!" From Miss Pross.

"You think there never might have been a Mrs. Lorry?" asked the gentleman of that name.

"Pooh!" rejoined Miss Pross; "you were a bachelor in your cradle."

"Well!" observed Mr. Lorry, beamingly adjusting his little wig "that seems probable, too."

"And you were cut out for a bachelor," pursued Miss Pross, "before you were put in your cradle."

"Then, I think," said Mr. Lorry, "that I was very unhandily dealt with, and that I ought to have had a voice in the selection of my pattern. Knave! Now, my dear Lucie, drawing his arm soothingly around her waist, and Miss Pross and I, as two formal folks of business, are anxious not to lose the final opportunity of saying something to you that you wish to hear. You leave your good father, my dear, in hands as earnest and as loving as your own; he shall be taken every conceivable care of; during the next fortnight, while you are in Warwickshire and thereabouts, even Tellson's shall go to the wall (comparatively speaking) before him. And when, at the fortnight's end, he comes to join you and your beloved husband, on your other fortnight's trip in Wales, you shall say that we have sent him to you in the best health and in the happiest frame. Now, I hear Somebody's step coming to the door. Let me kiss my dear girl with an old-fashioned bachelor blessing, before Somebody comes to claim his own."

For a moment, he held the fair face from him to look at the well-remembered expression on the forehead, and then laid the bright golden

hair against his little brown wig, with a genuine tenderness and delicacy, which, if such things be old-fashioned, were as old as Adam.

The door of the Doctor's room opened, and he came out with Charles Darnay. He was so deadly pale—which had not been the case when they went in together—that no vestige of color was to be seen in his face. But, in the composure of his manner he was unaltered, except that to the shrewd glance of Mr. Lorry it disclosed some shadowy indication that the old air of avoidance and dread had lately passed over him, like a cold wind.

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"Good God!" he said, with a start. "What's that?"

Miss Pross, with a terrified face, was at his ear.

"Oh, me! Oh, me! All is lost!" cried she, wringing her hands. "What is to be told to Ladybird? He doesn't know me, and is making shoes!"

Mr. Lorry said what he could to calm her, and went himself into the Doctor's room. The bench was turned towards the light, as it had been when he had seen the shoemaker at his work before, and his head was bent down, and he was very busy.

"Doctor Manette. My dear friend, Doctor Manette."

The Doctor looked at him for a moment—half inquiringly, half as if he were angry at being spoken to—and bent over his work again. He had laid aside his coat and waistcoat; his shirt was open at the throat, as it used to be when he did that work; and even the old haggard, faded surface of face had come back to him. He worked hard—impetuously—as if in some sense of having been interrupted.

Mr. Lorry glanced at the work in his hand, and observed that it was a shoe of the old size and shape. He took up another that was lying by him, and asked him what it was?

"A young lady's walking shoe," he muttered, without looking up. "It might have been finished long ago. Let it be."

"But, Doctor Manette. Look at me!"

He obeyed, in the old mechanically automatic manner, without pausing in his work.

"You know me, my dear friend? Think again. This is not your proper occupation. Think, dear friend!"

Nothing would induce him to speak more. He looked up, for an instant at a time, when he was requested to do so; but, no personation would extract a word from him. He worked, and worked, and worked, in silence, and words fell on him as they would have fallen on an unwholesome wall, or on the air. The only ray of hope that Mr. Lorry could discover, was that he sometimes furtively looked up without being asked. In that, there seemed a faint expression of curiosity or perplexity—as though he were trying to reconcile some doubts in his mind.

Two things at once impressed themselves on Mr. Lorry, as important as all others; the first, that this must be kept secret from Lucie; the second, that it must be kept secret from all who knew him. In conjunction with Miss Pross, he took immediate steps towards the latter precaution, by giving out that the Doctor was not well, and required a few days of complete rest. In aid of the kind deception to be practised on his daughter, Miss Pross was to write, describing his having been called away professionally, and referring to an imaginary letter of two or three hurried lines in his own hand, represented to have been addressed to her by the same post.

These measures, advisable to be taken in any case, Mr. Lorry took in the hope of his coming to himself. If that should happen soon, he kept another course in reserve; which was, to have a certain opinion that he thought the best, on the Doctor's case.

In the hope of his recovery, and of respect to

this third course being thereby rendered practicable, Mr. Lorry resolved to watch him attentively, with as little appearance as possible of doing so. He therefore made arrangements to absent himself from Tellson's for the first time in his life, and took his post by the window in the same room.

He was not long in discovering that it was worse than useless to speak to him, since, on being pressed, he became worried. He abandoned that attempt on the first day, and resolved merely to keep himself always before him, as a silent protest against the delusion into which he had fallen, or was falling. He remained, therefore, in his seat near the window, reading and writing, and expressing in as many pleasant and natural ways as he could think of, that it was a free place.

Doctor Manette took what was given him to eat and drink, and worked on, that first day, until it was too dark to see—worked on, half an hour after Mr. Lorry could not have seen, for his life, to read or write. When he put his tools aside senseless, until morning, Mr. Lorry rose and said to him:

"Will you go out?"

He looked down at the floor on either side of him in the old manner, looked up in the old manner, and repeated in the old low voice:

"Out?"

"Yes; for a walk with me. Why not?"

He made no effort to say why not, and said not a word more. But, Mr. Lorry thought he saw, as he leaned forward on his bench in the dusk, with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, that he was in some misty way asking himself, "Why not?" The sagacity of the man of business perceived an advantage here, and determined to hold it.

Miss Pross and he divided the night into two watches, and observed him at intervals from the adjoining room. He passed up and down for a long time before he lay down; but, when he did finally lay himself down, he fell asleep. In the morning, he was up betimes, and went straight to his bench and to work.

On this second day, Mr. Lorry saluted him cheerfully by his name, and spoke to him on topics that had been of late familiar to them. He returned no reply, but it was evident that he heard what was said, and that he thought about it, however confusedly. This encouraged Mr. Lorry to have Miss Pross in with her work, several times during the day; at those times they quietly spoke of Lucie, and of her father then present, precisely in the usual manner, and as if there were nothing amiss. This was done without any demonstrative accompaniment, not long enough, or often enough, to be harsh; and it lightened Mr. Lorry's friendly heart to believe that he looked up oftener, and that he appeared to be stirred by some perception of inconsistencies surrounding him.

When it fell dark again, Mr. Lorry asked him as before:

"Dear Doctor, will you go out?"

As before, he repeated,

"Out?"

"Yes; for a walk with me. Why not?"

This time, Mr. Lorry feigned to go out when he could extract no answer from him, and, after remaining absent for an hour, returned. In the meanwhile, the Doctor had removed to the seat in the window, and had sat there looking down at the plane tree, but, on Mr. Lorry's return, he slipped away to his bench.

The time went very slowly on, and Mr. Lorry's hope darkened, and his heart grew heavier again, and grew yet heavier and heavier every day. The third day came and went, the fourth, the fifth. Five days, six days, seven days, eight days, nine days.

With a hope ever darkening, and with a heart always growing heavier and heavier, Mr. Lorry passed through this anxious time. The secret was well kept, and Lucie was unconscious and happy; but, he could not fail to observe that the shoemaker, whose hand had been a little out at first, was growing dreadfully skillful, and that he had never been so intent on his work, and that his hands had never been so nimble and expert, as in the dusk of the ninth evening.

MISS MRS. OF TALE TIPPING.—Professor Felton, in a recent paper on the present state of the Greek language, gives a humorous description of a table-tipping scene in Athens. It says:

"A few years ago, when table-tipping was spreading over Europe, it visited Athens also. There is an amusing article on the subject in the *Almanac* for 1854, from which I take the following pleasant account of a table which impudently disclosed the age of a lady who was present."

"If it only would move and walk about! But its education seems to be improving every day. It already talks and writes, and counts and sings and dances. But with all these feminine accomplishments, it is not free from what are called by men feminine faults. For example, it is talkative, thoughtless, and unable to govern its tongue, or rather its foot. Thus, at an evening party once, after it had answered many interrogatories, to the general wonder and diversion, it was finally questioned about the age of one of the ladies present. The unobtrusive table, with much grace, raised one of its feet; and began striking the floor lightly, to the very great gratification of all, and especially of the lady, who saw herself the subject of general attention. It struck one, two, five, ten, and the lady laughed; fifteen, seventeen, and she continued to laugh. But the table kept on—and the lady's eyebrows began to contract. It struck twenty-one—and the lady held up her hands; twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four—and the lady pressed down on the table with all her might, but the cursed piece of furniture continued obstinately, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty; and it struck the last number with great force, in confirmation of its truth. But on the other hand, at the same moment, the betrayed thirty years old young lady fell backwards in a fainting fit, and all confessed that the experiments of the table were dangerous, as affecting the nervous system."

Mr. Patrick McGilgan, with a wheelbarrow, ran a race with a locomotive; as the latter went out of sight, Mr. McGilgan, "Ad wid ye, ye road!" bargained, or "I'll be after running" into you."

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A GOOD FIGHT.

BY CHARLES READE.
 AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME, LOVE MY LASS,"
 "NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," &c., &c.

While they stood petrified, fascinated by the eyes of green fire, there sounded in the wood a single deep bay. It was the bay of a bloodhound. Martin trembled at it.

"They have lost her, and laid muzzled bloodhounds on her scent. They will find her here, and the venison. Good bye, friends, Martin Wittenhaagen ends here."

Gerard seized his bow, and put it into the soldier's hands.

"Be a man," he cried, "shoot her, and fling her into the wood ere they come up. Who will know?"

More voices of hounds broke out, and nearer. "Curse her!" cried Martin. "I spared her once—now she must die, or I, or both more likely!" and he reared his bow, and drew his arrow to the head.

"Not so!" cried Margaret, and seized the arrow; it broke in half, the pieces fell on each side the bow. The air at the same time filled with the tongues of the hounds; they were hot upon the scent.

"What have you done, wench? You have put the halter round my throat."

"No!" cried Margaret. "I have saved you! stand back from the window! bade. Your knife! quick!"

She seized his long pointed knife, almost tore it out of his grasp, and darted from the room. The house was now surrounded with baying dogs and shouting men.

The glow worm eyes moved not.

CHAPTER XL.

Margaret cut off a huge piece of venison, and ran to the window, and threw it to the green eyes of fire. They darted on it with a savage snarl; and there was a sound of rending and crunching; at this moment, the hound uttered a bay so near and loud it rang through the house; and the three at the window shrank together. Then the hound leaped for her supper, and glided swiftly and stealthily away with it towards the woods, and the very next moment horses and men and dogs came helter skelter past the window, and followed her full cry. Martin and his companions leaped again; the hound was swift, and would not be caught within a league of their house.

To take some more, and Gerard drank to woman's wit. "The stronger than man's force," said he.

"Ay," said Margaret, "when those she loves are in danger, not else."

To night Gerard stayed with her longer than usual, and went home prouder than ever of her, and happy as a prince. Some little distance from home, under the shadow of some trees, he encountered two figures; they almost barred his way.

It was his father and mother.

A cold chill fell on him.

He stopped and looked at them; they stood grim and silent. He stammered out some words of inquiry.

"What brought them out so late?"

"Why ask?" said his father, "you can guess why we are here."

"Oh, Gerard!" said his mother, with a voice full of reproach and yet of affection.

Gerard's heart quaked; he was silent.

Then his father plied his confusion, and said to him:

"Nay, you need not hang your head—You are not the first young fool that has been caught by a red cheek, and a pair of blue eyes."

"No, no!" said Catherine, "it was withcraft. Peter the Magician is well known for that."

"Come, Sir Priest," resumed his father, "you know you must not meddle with women folk. But give us your promise to go no more to Sevenbergen, and here all ends; we won't be hard on you for one fault."

"I can't promise that, father."

"Not promise it, you young hypocrite."

"Nay, father, call me what you will; I lacked courage to tell you what I knew would vex you, and right grateful am I to that good friend, whoever he is, that has let you know."

"A loaf of my mind. Yes, father, I love Margaret, and call me not a priest, for a priest I will never be. I will do more."

"That we shall see, young man. Come, gaily we will move; you will learn what tis to offend a father."

Gerard held his peace; and the three walked home in gloomy silence, broken only by a deep sigh or two from Catherine.

From that hour the little house at Tergou was no longer the abode of peace. Gerard was taken to task next day before the whole family; and every voice was loud against him, except little Kate's, and the dwarf's, who was apt to take his own from her without knowing why. As for Cornelius and Sybrandt, they were but finding so many enemies, and looked wistfully into his little sister's face; her eyes were brimming at the harsh words showered on one who but yesterday was the universal pet. But she gave him no encouragement; she turned her head away from him, and said:

"Dear, dear Gerard, pray to Heaven to cure you of this folly."

"What are you against me too?" said Gerard, sally, and he rose with a deep sigh, and left the house, and went to Sevenbergen.

The beginning of a quarrel, where the parties are bound by affection though opposed in interest and sentiment, is comparatively innocent; both are in the right at first starting, and then it is that a calm, judicious friend, capable of seeing both sides, is a gift from Heaven. For the longer the dissension endures, the wider and deeper it grows by the facility and incontinuity of human nature; these are not confined to either side, and finally the inviolable end is reached—both in the wrong.

The combatants were unequally matched. Gerard Senior was angry, Cornelius and Sybrandt spiteful; but Gerard, having a larger and more cultivated mind, saw both sides where they saw but one, and had his of forgiveness, and was

not wroth, but was unhappy. He was lonely too in this struggle. He could open his heart to no one. Margaret was a high spirited girl; he dared not tell her what he had to endure at home; she was capable of siding with his relations by resigning him, though at the cost of her own happiness. Margaret Van Eyck had been a great comfort to him on another occasion; but now he dared not make her his confidante. Her own history was well known; in early life she had many offers of marriage; but refused them all for the sake of that art to which a wife's and mother's duties are so fatal; thus she remained single and painted with her brothers. How could he tell her that he declined the hand she had got him, and declined it for the sake of that which at his age she had despised and sacrificed so lightly.

Gerard at this period bade fair to succumb. But the other side had a terrible ally in Catherine Senior. This good hearted but uneducated woman could not, like her daughter, act quietly and firmly; still less could she act upon a plan. She irritated Gerard at times, and so helped him, for anger is a great sustainer of the courage; at others she turned round in a moment and made onslaughts on her own forces.

To take a single instance out of many: one day that they were all at home, Catherine and all, Cornelius said: "Our Gerard would marry Margaret Brandt! Why is he longer marrying that?"

"And what will it be when you marry?" cried Catherine. "Gerard can paint, Gerard can write, but what can you do to keep a woman, ye lazy loon? Nought but wait for your father's shoes. Oh, we can see why you and Sybrandt would not have the poor boy to marry. You are afraid he will come to us for a share of our substance. And suppose he does, and suppose we give it to him, it isn't yours to say nay, and mayhap never will be."

On these occasions Gerard smiled slyly, and picked up heart; and temporary confusion fell on Catherine's unfortunate allies. But at last, after more than six months of irritation, came the climax. The father told the son before the whole family he had ordered the Burgomaster to imprison him in the Stalhousen rather than let him marry Margaret. Gerard turned pale with anger at this, but by a great effort held his peace. His father went on to say, "And a priest you shall be before the year is out, nilly willy."

"Is it so?" cried Gerard. "Then hear me all. By God and St. Bayon I swear I will never be a priest while Margaret lives. Since force is to decide it, and not love and duty, force, father, but force shall not serve you, for the day I see the Burgomaster come for me, I leave Tergou forever, and Holland, too, and my father's house, where it seems I have been valued all these years, not for myself, but for what is to be got out of me."

And he flung out of the room white with anger and desperation.

"There!" cried Catherine, "that comes of driving young folks too hard. But men are crueler than tigers, even to their own flesh and blood. Now, Heaven forbid he should ever leave us, married or single."

As Gerard came out of the house, his cheeks pale and his heart panting, he met Richt Heynes; she had a message for him; Margaret Van Eyck desired to see him. He found the old lady seated grim as a judge. She wasted no time in preliminaries, but inquired coldly why he had not visited her of late; before he could answer, she said, in a sarcastic tone,

"I thought we had been friends, young sir."

At this Gerard looked the picture of doubt and consternation.

"It is because you never told her you were in love," said Richt Heynes, pitying his confusion.

"Silence, wench! Why should he tell us his affairs? We are not his friends; we have not deserved his confidence."

"Alas! my second mother," said Gerard, "I did not dare to tell you my folly."

"What folly? Is it folly to love?"

"I am told so every day of my life."

"You need not have been afraid to tell your mistress; she is always kind to true lovers."

"Mistress—Right—I was afraid because I was told."

"Well, you were told—"

"That in your youth you should have preferred art."

"I did, boy; and what is the end of it?—Behold me here a barren stock, while the women of my youth have a troop of children at their sides, and grandchildren at their knee. I gave up the sweet joys of wifehood and motherhood for what? for my dear brothers; they have gone and left me long ago—for my art, it has left me, too. I have the knowledge still, but what avails that when the hand trembles? No, Gerard! I look on you as my son. You are good, you are handsome, you are a painter, though not like some I have known. I will never let you throw your youth away as I did mine; you shall marry this Margaret. I have inquired, and she is a good daughter. Richt here is a gossip. She has told me all about it. But that need not hinder you to tell me."

Poor Gerard was enraptured to be permitted to tell his love and his unhappiness, and above all to praise Margaret aloud, and to one who could understand what he loved in her.

Soon there were two pair of wet eyes over his story; and when the poor boy saw that, there were three.

Women are justly famous for courage. There is not exactly the same quality as manly courage; that would never do, hang it all; we should have to give up tramping on them. No, it is a vicious courage. They never take part in a bull-fight by any chance; but it is remarked that they sit at one unshaken by those tremors and apprehensions for the combatants to which the male spectator—foolish-minded wretch!—is subject. Nothing can exceed the resolution with which they have been known to send forth men to battle; as some witty dog says, "Les femmes sont true leaves above le pain d'aunet."

By this trait Gerard now profited. Margaret and Richt were agreed that a man should always take the bull by the horns. Gerard's only course was to marry Margaret Brandt off-hand; the old people would come to after a while, the deed once done. Whereas, the longer this misunderstanding continued on its

present footing, the worse for all parties, especially for Gerard.

"See how pale and thin they have made him among them."

"Indeed you are, Master Gerard," said Richt. "It makes a body and to see a young man so wasted and worn. Mistress, when I met him in the street to day, I had like to have burst out crying—he was so changed."

"And I'll be bound the others keep their color, eh, Richt? such as it is."

"Oh, I see no odds in them."

"Of course not. We painters are no match for loons. We are glass, they are stone. We can't stand the worry, worry, worry of little minds, and it is not for the good of mankind we should be exposed to it. It is hard enough, God knows, to design and paint a master-piece, without having gnats and flies sting us to death into the bargain."

Exasperated as Gerard was by his father's threat of violence, he listened to these friendly words telling him his most prudent course was rebellion. But though he listened he was not convinced.

"I do not fear my father's violence," he said, "but I do fear his anger. When it came to the point he would not imprison me. I would marry Margaret to-morrow if that was my only fear. No; he would drown me. I should take Margaret from her father, and give her a poor husband, who would never thrive, weighed down by his parent's curse. Oh, madam! I sometimes think if I could but marry her secretly, and then take her away to some country where my craft is better paid than in this, and after a year or two, when the storm had blown over, you know, could come back with money in my purse, and say, 'My dear parents, we do not seek your substance, we but ask you to love us once more as you used, and as we have never ceased to love you'—but, alas! I shall be told these are the dreams of an inexperienced young man."

The old lady's eyes sparkled.

"It is no dream, but a piece of wonderful common sense in a boy; it remains to be seen whether you have spirit to carry out your own thought. There is a country, Gerard, where certain fortune awaits you at this moment. Here the arts flourish, but there they flourish, as they never yet flourished in any age or land."

"It is Italy!" cried Gerard. "It is Italy!"

"Yes, Italy! where painters are honored like Princes, and scribbles are paid three hundred crowns for copying a single manuscript. Know you not that his Holiness the Pope, has written to every land for skillful scribes to copy the hundreds of precious manuscripts that are pouring into that favored land from Constantinople, whence learning and learned men are driven by the barbarian Turks?"

"Nay, I know not that; but it has been the dream and hope of my life to visit Italy, the queen of all the arts. Oh, madam! but the journey, and we are all so poor."

"Find you the heart to go, I'll find the means. I know where to lay my hand on ten golden angels to take you to Rome; and the girl will go with you if she loves you as she ought."

They sat till midnight over this theme. And, after that day, Gerard recovered his spirits, and seemed to carry some secret talisman against all the gibes and the harsh words that flew about his ears at home.

Besides the money she procured him for the journey, Margaret Van Eyck gave him money's worth. Said she, "I will tell you secrets that I learned from masters that are gone from me, and have left no following behind. Ever the Italians know not everything; and what I tell you now in Tergou you may sell dear in Florence. Note my brother John's pictures; time, which fades all other paintings, leaves his colors bright as the day they left the easel. The reason is, he trusted nothing blindly, nothing in a hurry. He trusted to no blurring of his colors; he did it himself, or saw it done. His panel was prepared, and prepared again; I will show you how a year before he laid his color on. Most of them are quite content to have their work smudged up, and lost sooner than to be in a hurry—bad painters are always in a hurry. Above all, Gerard, I warn you never blot your oil; blotting it melts that vegetable dross into its very heart, which it is our business to clear away; for impure oil is death to color. No; take your oil and pour it into a bottle with water. In a day or two, the water will turn muddy; that is muck from the oil. Pour the dirty water carefully away, and add fresh. When that is poured away, you will fancy the oil is clear. You are mistaken. Richt, fetch me that!" Richt brought a glass trough with a glass lid fitting tight.

"When your oil has been washed in the bottle, put it into this trough with water, and put the trough in the sun all day. You will soon see the water turned again. But mark, you must not carry this game too far, or the sun will turn your oil to varnish. When it is as clear as crystal, and not too drying, drain carefully, and cork it up tight. Grind your own prime colors, and lay them on with this oil, and they shall live. Halbert would put sand or salt in the water to clear the oil quicker. But John used to say, 'Water will do it best, if you but give water time.' Jan Van Eyck was never in a hurry, and that is why the world will not forget him in a hurry."

This and several other receipts—quite new prescriptions long extant—Margaret gave him with sparkling eyes, and Gerard received them like a legacy from Heaven, so interesting are some things that read uninteresting. Thus provided with money and knowledge, Gerard decided to marry and fly with his wife to Italy. Nothing remained now but to inform Margaret Brandt of his resolution, and to publish the bans as quietly as possible. He went to Sevenbergen earlier than usual on both these errands. He began with Margaret; told her of the Dame Van Eyck's goodness, and the resolution he had come to at last, and invited her co-operation.

She refused it plump.

CHAPTER XL.

"No, Gerard; you and I have never spoken of your family, but when you come to marriage—"

"She stopped, then began again. 'I do think your father has no objection to me more than to another. He told Peter Baysen

as much, and Peter told me. But so long as he is so bent on your being a priest (you ought to have told me this instead of I, you), I could not marry you, Gerard, dearly as I love you."

Gerard strove in vain to shake this resolution. He found it easy to make her cry, but impossible to make her yield. Then Gerard was impatient and unjust.

"Very well!" he cried, "then you are on their side, and you will drive me to be a priest, for this must end one way or another. My parents hate me in earnest, but my lover only loves me in jest!"

And with this wild, bitter speech, he flung away home again, and left Margaret weeping.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE WHITE APRON.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

It might be a curious question, worth asking and ascertaining, of persons whose names are famous in history or prominent among the heroic traditions of war, how large is the proportion composed of those who have greatness thrust upon them, compared to individuals who, by the virtues of true courage, perseverance, boldness, and sagacity, have achieved it for themselves?

It is at all events one that rises to the mind after hearing the story of Johanna Stegen, a fortunate milkmaid of Luneberg, who, by no particular effort of her own, save a forced compliance, rose to fame, ultimate elevation in rank, and extreme prosperity.

In 1513 the French, greatly to the disgust of the conquered, still occupied Luneberg. A time however was at hand when the power that deemed itself all but omnipotent, was to totter, and presently to fall down amidst the well-earned execrations of all Europe.

On the outskirts of Luneberg, there stood then, and very possibly still remains, a little settlement of milk farm houses. The inhabitants of this village, which is called Grimm, carried on a brisk trade by supplying the lactifer fluid in large quantities to Luneberg, which city depended mainly on these farms for that important article of diet. Our heroine, Johanna, was employed in one of these rural dairies, and was, in short, just a milkmaid and nothing more. Truth compels her biographer to state that there was little enough of the picturesque in our Johanna's personal appearance, and that she had even more than the usual homely attributes of robust health and florid bloom, charms accompanied moreover by locks whose redness was a fact above all contradiction.

But Fate, the mighty, can overcome all; and, for anything we know, could even make an empress, of a short, stout, red-headed dairy-woman.

Little indeed Johanna dreamed when—her milk pails slung from her square shoulders—the exact date of which the present biographer fairly owns to have been unable to ascertain: little did she dream or think—supposing she was even in the habit of thinking, to which practice luckily for her health and vigor, milk maids are not prone—that fortune was waiting singly, in no far off nook, to invest her with all that the heart of woman is said—mild, only said—to love best, viz., rank, homage, wealth, and fame.

By Johanna's side, on that memorable morning, came forth at the same time, similarly laden, a being, gentler and fairer, though in all likelihood no better nurtured or cultivated than her companion. This young person was an assistant dairymaid, and in this narrative, with the courteous reader's leave, shall be called "Caroline."

These girls were bound on their usual errand, taking to Luneberg supplies of rich creamy fluid. They chatted, and sang, and laughed on their road from Grimm to Luneberg, a distance of probably not more than a mile and a half. Suddenly, as they were nearing the city, Johanna halted.

"What dost thou stare at?" says Caroline, in her guttural German. "I see nothing."

"Canst hear neither, perhaps," answered Johanna, raising her hand and pointing.

And now indeed Caroline heard sharp and loud reports, which gave her an idea, expressed cutly enough.

"Fighting, eh?" quoth Caroline.

"Come on," answered Johanna; "the milk-sow goes to Luneberg, if money himself be there! We're late enough now, I tell you."

For Caroline showed symptoms of turning back towards Grimm, a tendency to cowardism which plainly proves her to have had no pretensions to be a heroine, and which ought to reconcile us to her ultimate fate.

"Come on, I tell you, fool! they won't hurt us!"

"No, but the bullets may. Hark! there they go—pop! pop! Johanna, never mind the milk—let the people wait their breakfasts for once."

But, arguing thus, they walked on; and as it proved, marched right into the lion's mouth. When it was too late, even for women as they were, to retreat, they found themselves right in the midst of Prussian and Russian soldiers, who, up to that moment, had been pouring their fire against Luneberg.

There was, however, just then, a momentary forced cessation of hostilities on the side of the assaulting party, and in fact the French were rapidly gaining the advantage. An accident had occurred. Close before Johanna and Caroline, a cart laden with cartridges had been overturned, and its contents were strewn on the ground. No one was near it save a dead trooper or two, and one who was just expiring.

Caroline, tender and thoughtful woman, ran up to this wretch, and held a draught of milk to his dying lips, but Johanna clasp her hands, crying out—

"Roulez! roulez! Come quick, and help me, Caroline!"

She took the cartridges for roulez of coin, which they somewhat resemble. Johanna and her companion both wore large white aprons

with big pockets, not like those of grisettes on the stage, but good substantial ones, fit to hold a half-quarter loaf. Johanna filled these as quickly as she could pick her spoil up, quite oblivious of the bullets from Luneberg, which halted round her—as oblivious of them, in her thirst for getting quickly rich, as was Caroline, from a better, holier motive. In after times, I think the look of gratitude which beamed from the soldier's eyes, the broken words of blessing which dropped from his white lips, must have been a dearer, more blessed memory to the heart of her who, naturally timid, forgot that timidity under the influence of woman's holiest promptings of tenderness and mercy, than the subsequent homage, the brilliant fortune showered on the being who, with eager eyes and voracious grasp, was busily employed in cramming her pockets with that which indeed ultimately proved more valuable towards her aggrandisement than the gold for which she took the packages strewn around.

But Johanna's career of greedy acquisition is speedily stopped. A Prussian colonel rides up. He has no idea of the girl's self-deception. He hastily dubs her in his mind—a mind heated by the excitement of action—as an ardent heroine aspiring to aid his troops in their temporary distresses.

"My brave girl! those pockets will not hold enough; fill your apron. Quick, here, young woman!" (to Caroline, who still knelt by the dying), "do the same—as you go, the other can come back!"

There was no murmur of disobedience possible. Here was the terrible Prussian flaming with loud voice, stern in command, indisputable in authority. Johanna was quite unconscious of the admiration with which the great man, whom she took for a general at least, viewed her. Fear alone made the girl obey, and indeed, as her retreat was by this time cut off by a body of advancing troops, to go back was impossible, to go forward inadvisable—

Her acceptance of the duty imposed was, however, as prompt and ready as if the action had really emanated from herself. She was always sturdy and bustling, and not less so now, when bullets whistled around, and she was in mortal fear. Quickly she filled her apron, and as quickly ran with her burden, to the poor fellows, who for want of them, were being rapidly picked off by the French fire, man by man. As she returned, Caroline performed the same good office; so, backwards and forwards amidst a rattling fire, and volleys of no less fiery darts, amidst blood, carnage, the groans of the dying, the carcasses of the dead, did Johanna Stegen and Caroline Burger carry pail after pail of cartridges, distributing them to the troops, till the day advanced, and the allies had gained the victory—gained it, as all to a man declared, by the heroic conduct of a woman—that woman, Johanna Stegen.

Caroline, her pale face heated by the danger and stern excitement of the scene, equally arduous, equally—even more generously—oblivious of danger, is permitted, unnoticed, unthanked, to make her way back as best she can to Grimm, there to amaze the pastoral inhabitants with the recital of that adventurous and blood-stained morning.

Our Johanna was not too much overpowered by backslaps to remain on the field, waiting for applause and thanks. She had wit enough to see that she was appreciated beyond what she had merited. However, just then, every one was too busy with rejoicing and hopes of plunder, to notice her, whom they considered the victress of the day.

As, weary and disappointed, she was about to return to Grimm, the same colonel who had directed the milk-girl's efforts, rode up to her, hot, and ready to drop off his horse with fatigue.

"My girl—quick—your apron—give to me. Not a word—off with it—that's right—now, your name—Johanna—Johanna what? Johanna Stegen—So! Now, my lady, onward! Stragglers fall back!"

And thereupon, one of the stragglers, who could not comprehend what that grand, terrible, fierce soldier could want with her apron, now half-dirty, stained with blood and the moisture of her weary brow, fell back at the word of command, and presently changing her mind about Grimm, she slowly followed in the rear of the army, who acknowledged her as its preserver, and who by this time had hoisted her apron in front of the troops, as an ensign and emblem of how a great victory had been won.

Arrived at Luneberg, our milkmaid—who, as yet, knew not she might place the adjective fortunate before her name—went at once to the house of her mother, who (a poor widow) gained hard bread and little enough salt by charring and washing. She feared, perhaps, to return to Grimm, where heroism was likely to kick the beam when weighed against the loss of sundry pails of milk, wasted or seized by thirsty fellows as lawful spoil, and for which she had not the means of paying. She claimed the shelter of the maternal roof, and related her adventure to her mother, not without many reproaches on the part of that virtuous matron, for interfering among a parcel of rapacious soldiers, who ate, drank, and devoured that night at the expense of Luneberg.

But Johanna's triumph rose next day with the sun. The King of Prussia took possession of the city, and the first act of royalty, was to make a proclamation for the owner of the White Apron, who was by no means backward in creeping forth from her obscurity.

That night a grand banquet was held at the Schloss Luneberg, and Johanna sat at the monarch's right hand. Robust and florid as she was, no belle attracted such universal notice or admiration as this fortunate milkmaid. Her glowing hair was called golden, her ruddy cheeks blooming, and her form was admired for its strength, if it was not exactly extolled for grace. Success is your true beautifier—the elixir which bestows youth and beauty, and which falls in its effect only when the sun of Fortune sets. The girl of Good Luck once thrown round the thickest waist, it becomes to every beholder as slender as Venus's arm, and those whom the blind goddess has mystified by the bandage of her own eyes, are, at any time, ready to swear black is white, or, as in Johanna's case, red is yellow.

And amidst all this, Caroline's name was not heard.

One heart at least was captivated by this heroine in spite of herself. The big Prussian colonel must have had his fancy captivated by this close approximation to the heroic maid of his heated brain. Among the toasts drunk to Johanna Stegen, his response was the loudest, his praise the most broadly expressed.

But—every medal has its reverse side—what a pity!

In the midst of all these rejoicings, and just as great things were in contemplation for Johanna, who seems to have been regarded as a second Joan of Arc, just when one may suppose the Prussian colonel was beginning to find leisure to prosecute his romantic suit—Lo! the French returned and retook Luneberg. Directly which the poor Lunebergers deplored, and which was positive ruin to our heroine, whose temporary elevation had served to point her out as a mark for the vengeance of the infuriated French soldiery. Johanna, thrown down from her lofty pedestal, was, metaphorically speaking, obliged to grovel in the mud, and literally, might have been trampled to death, except for hiding herself, which she did for many days, in a dark, dismal cellar, indebted for sustenance solely to the good offices of neighbors, and to Caroline, who brought her in milk from Grimm, and who, unnoticed and unrewarded, was no doubt much happier than the heroine cowering in her dismal cellar, expecting hourly death—or worse.

But this terrible condition, which lasted many bitter days, was terminated at length by the report of a large body of Prussians advancing on Luneberg; and now, as the French at last evacuated Luneberg, our heroine once more emerged from her obscurity, and threw herself at the king's feet.

Her sorrows ended there. Her merits were at once recognized; she was patronized by some of the female connections of her Prussian admirer. Following the army subsequently into Prussia, she was at once placed on the full-pay of a colonel, and sent to a pension to be educated for her future rank in life—a Prussian nobleman's spouse. Henceforth the life of Johanna Stegen became one of uninterrupted prosperity. At the close of the war she married the man whose promissory orders were in reality the cause of her being famous. History tells us no more of her. Did education refine her? Did she ever think of Caroline Burger, in the latter's obscurity, or did the comrade who shared her peril, but not her good fortune? It is not believed. She whom we have called Caroline lived and died, obscure and humble, perhaps not less happy; even her real name was not known by the old inhabitant of the Schloss Luneberg, from whose lips this little narrative was gathered years ago, and who could boast of having both seen and spoken to, the famous heroine of Luneberg, Johanna Stegen, by no means the first, nor in all likelihood the last, to whom fortune has called in a fit of caprice, and loaded with unmerited favors.

H. J.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Times says that "The Emperor Napoleon has followed up his promise in the Monitor, by acts tending to reassure his neighbors. He relieves us of all disquietude of an immediate character, and gives us assurance that the peace of the world is not to be disturbed."

According to the returns from many districts, there is little doubt but our present crop of wheat will fall below the average. To what

Agricultural.

OUR FARM OF TWO ACRES.
THE POULTRY-YARD.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

In order to make money by poultry, in any proportion to the attention given to them, the operator should be either a capitalist who provides an extensive apparatus for the supply of fowls and eggs to a neighboring community, or a cottager or small farmer who can rear fowls in a chance medley-way, on what they can pick up for themselves. As I am neither a professional breeder of poultry nor a cottager nor yet a small farmer in the ordinary use of the term, I cannot and do not expect to make money to any notable extent by my fowls and ducks. As I have already intimated, the object is security against famine, where a whole neighborhood depends on the justice and mercy of one butcher. When I relate that at an inn not three miles off, forty-five couples of fowls have been killed in one day, from the beef and lamb falling short of the demand, it will be easily conceived that it is no small comfort to be supplied, at all events, with eggs and bacon, fowls and ham, within our own gates. The cottage people would like very much to see the Queen among our mountains. They would give her a dinner of eggs and ham, and set her on a pony, and show her everything. It is certain beforehand what her diet would be if she came home. At the little country inn—each the sole house of entertainment in its dale and watershed—you always know what you will have.

"Can we have dinner?"
"Oh, yes."
"What can you give us?"
"What you like."

After inquiring in vain for beef or mutton, we are told—

"But that's ham and there's eggs."
"Very well, and what else?"
"Why, there's eggs, and there's ham, and bacon."

If the Queen came unawares to some dwelling, which are not inn, there might, in the height of the season, be the same bill of fare, and no other. The value of the resource must be the measure of our gain, under such circumstances, and not the money we make.

It becomes an increasing wonder every year why the rural cottagers of the United Kingdom do not rear fowls, almost universally, seeing how little the cost would be, and how great is the demand. We import many millions of eggs annually. Why should we import any? It seems as strange as that Ireland should import all its cheese, while exporting butter largely. After spending the morning among dairy farms in Kerry, you have at dinner cheese from London; and in the same way, after passing dozens of cottages on commons or in lanes in England, where the children have nothing to do, and would be glad of pets, you meet a man with gold rings in his ears, who asks you in broken English to buy eggs from the continent. Wherever there is a cottage family, whether living on potatoes or better fare, and grass growing anywhere near, there it would be worth while to nail up a little pent house, and make nests of clean straw, and go in for a speculation in eggs and chickens. Seeds, worms and insects go a great way in feeding poultry in such places; and then there are the small and refuse potatoes from the heap, and the outside cabbage leaves, and the scraps of all sorts. Very small purchases of broken rice (which is extremely cheap), inferior grain, and mixed meal would do all else that is necessary. There would probably be larger losses from "vermin" than in better guarded places; but these could be well afforded, as a mere deduction from considerable gains. It is understood that the keeping of poultry is largely on the increase in the country generally, and even among cottagers. But the prevailing idea is of competition as to races and specimens for the poultry yard, rather than of meeting the demand for eggs and fowls for the table. The present is an excellent one, and everybody rejoices at the growth of such an interest, but the laborer and his family are not benefited by it, as a steady resource, as they might be by a constant succession of common-place eggs and chickens, to be sold in the next town. As for any farmer who grows grain, and has a home field and a barn, he must be badly off for wife or daughter, if he cannot depend on his poultry for a respectable amount of annual profit. We remember the evaluation of a German settler in a Western state of America, in speaking of his rise in life, shown by his "fifty head of hen." Perhaps it is not necessary to go so far as the practice to acquire a stock in trade—not so large, indeed, but profitable in equal proportion.

The least advantageous way of rearing fowls is just that which is now under our notice—that of a lady's poultry-yard on a small bit of land in a populous neighborhood. The fowls cannot have full liberty; they must not trespass on the neighbors; they are grievously trespassed on by the neighbors' cats and dogs. Yet the experiment shows in our case soundly and thoroughly, through the care and interest interested in the enterprise by my companion. She has worked through many difficulties, and raised the project to paying point, and beyond it to the comfort of the household, her own great amusement and that of her guests, and the edification and benefit of the servants.

Our average stock is twenty hens, two cocks, five ducks, and one drake. Our accommodation will not allow any large increase of our average. Two ducks are uncommonly fine specimens of the *Aythya* breed. One cock is *Cochin China*; the other of some common sort which makes less impression on strangers. A visitor lately met the *Cochin China* rooster in the drive, and was so predictably impressed as to take off his hat to his majesty, who is indeed too heavy to be often put out walking.

The ducks were a present, some years ago, and the silk-stocking has become wanted, and perhaps still again, in the interval, from the changes necessary to keep up the vigor of the stock. Besides introducing a new drake every

three years or so, we exchange some brood eggs every season with some neighbor who has the same breed. We have not convenience for rearing any great number of young ducks, and prefer selling the eggs, of which we have above 600 per annum. We kill a few ducks for our own table, reckoning their value, not at the London rate, but at 2s. 6d. each. In London, 7s. a couple would be asked for ducks which would not have two-thirds of their substantial merit when brought to table. Our duck eggs are in great request for poaching, and puddings and omelets; and well they may be, for their edible contents must be nearly double those of ordinary hen's eggs.

It might be difficult to say which is cause and which effect in regard to our having two ducks and two poultry yards. The double arrangement is desirable in every way. There should always be opportunities for separation and isolation, in that community as in every other. For instance, the favorite aversion of the drake is his own ducklings. He would destroy them every one if we did not separate them from their passionate parent. The whole feathered colony is, at times, so like the Irish quarrel in a port-town, with its brawls and faction fights, that imprisonment or banishment is occasionally necessary, on the one hand, and an accident ward for the victims on the other. We have one roosting chamber in the upper part of the coal shed, and the other in the upper part of the pig-house, each opening into its own yard, and having its ladder without and its perches within. In the small enclosures, made of trellised wood and wire netting, are pent-houses for the nests, which should always be on the ground, for the sake not only of the convenience of the sitting hen, but of the vigor of the brood. The shallow troughs for food and pans for water make up the rest of the apparatus. The place should be swept out several times a week, and strewn with charcoal in hot weather; and there should always be soft soil enough for the hens to make dust-baths in, and gravel enough to afford them pebble diet, according to their needs. There must always be a little heap of lime in some dry corner, if the egg-shells are to be worthy of their contents.

So much for what may be called the retreats or refuges of the fowls; but their lives cannot be passed there. So we found. They must have a further range. The best plan, where space can be afforded (which is not our case), is to lay out for the fowls a long strip of grass fenced with wire—a regular Rotten Row for their daily trot, race, or stately walk. As the nearest approach we should make to this, we fenced in with galvanized wire netting the belt of plantation which adjoins the lower flower house. There they have room to run and make dust-baths, and strut in the sun or repose in the shade at pleasure. A deep trough is sunk there, and filled with water for the ducks when they must be kept at home, and for the ducklings, which are not allowed to range the meadows, because such liberty is almost invariably fatal to them. Whether it is any particular food, animal or vegetable (we suspect a particular slug), or other dangers—as entanglement in the grass and weeds, cramp, emulsion, or what not—it is very rarely that ducklings survive an attempt at a roving life. After witnessing every accident now stated, we believe the deleterious food to be sufficient reason for keeping the broods at home till they are well grown. The drake and his harem spend the day abroad for several months of the year, going forth into the meadows—where they make a serviceable clearance of slugs—in the morning, after laying, and coming home in the evening for their supper. While the grass is growing for hay, we are obliged to keep them at home; and it is necessary to watch them when young vegetables are coming up and fruit is ripening. Nobody would believe without seeing it how high they can reach with their bills when currants and gooseberries hang temptingly; and in their love of strawberries they vie with humanity. After being kept at home, the ducks relax in their laying, and their feeding is expensive; but they really seem to go on laying longer every year; so perhaps we may train them, in course of time, to be "equal to either fortune."

For the sake of the young chicks, we have yet one other enclosure at the service of the fowls. There is a pretty little quarry below the terrace and orchard, from whence the stone for the terrace-wall was taken. A little wire fence is now drawn across the entrance, and the young broods and their mothers have it to themselves.

Such is their mode of life. As for what they live on, we make their food as various as possible, as in the case of the cows and the pig. The most expensive of all food we find to be barley or oatmeal. Not only is a considerable proportion thrown about and wasted, but much that is swallowed is never digested. We therefore give it as a change and indulgence; and by no means as the staple of their food. Indian meal is the best staple, according to our experience. It is well scalded, that the swelling may be done before it is swallowed instead of after—thus avoiding various maladies and perils from over-eating. Broken rice well boiled is good to a certain extent. Malt-dust is a valuable resource. The demand is becoming so great that it will probably soon cease to be a cheap food; but while it remains so, it is a real boon, both to the fowls and their owner. They will eat almost anything that is sprinkled with malt-dust; and a sack of it goes a long way. A certain proportion of green food, and also of animal food, is indispensable. Lettuce-leaves, turnip tops, cabbage leaves, celery, should be thrown to them. They should have access to grass, to pick seeds and insects; and it is well to put a fresh egg into the poultry-yard whenever such a valuable thing can be spared. All the worms and insects that come in the gardener's way should be presented to them; and, when insects are scarce, scraps of raw meat, minced as fine as pin's heads, should be given. Add finely chopped egg for infant chicks, and I think the bill of fare is complete. As for the pepper-corn, which old wives recommend as the first thing to be swallowed, we reprobate the notion as we should in the case of any other new-born creature. In fact, it irritates the crop very mischievously, if it gives out its savor; and if it does not dissolve, it is nothing.



ALARMING EPIDEMIC—THE WHISTLEPHOBIA.

We do not find it necessary to make distinctions of seasons in hatching broods, as some people do. We like beginning early; but we know what we may expect from frosts and storms in March, and are content with what we get. If we have not a pretty full school by June, we shake our heads; but some July broods have been as fine and complete as any others on our list. An autumn brood or two—even a late one—is valuable; for the chickens are short-legged, and make excellent sitters.

By careful management, my companion has succeeded in distributing the moulting over a considerable space of time, and therefore in obtaining eggs in early winter. We have them now throughout the year. We lay by a hundred or more in line-water in the most plentiful season, for puddings in the time of scarcity; and then our small supply of November and December eggs is disposable for invalids, or other neighbors anxious to secure the delicacy.

Under this mode of management, our fowl account has stood thus for the last two years. In 1857, we paid for food £17 1s. 8d.; and for improvements in the hen house, £1 15s.; that is, our expenditure was £18 16s. 8d.; eggs and fowls used and sold were worth £18 4s. 2d.; ten chickens and one young cock in stock, £1 5s.; making £19 9s. 2d.; which shows our profit to have been £16 6d.; in 1858, the cost of food was £16 8s. 2d.; and of improvement of stock, £1s. 9d.; together making £16 10s. 11d.; while our sales and use yielded £17 10s. 6d.; our profit, therefore, being £10s. 7d. London prices would have enriched us mightily; for we had 3,000 eggs, and killed sixty-three fowls (including a few ducks). Within a dozen miles of the General Post Office, our produce would have been worth above £30; but it must be remembered that, in regard to our domestic consumption, we have the benefit of the country prices. As it is, we have a balance on the right side, instead of the wrong, after all accidents and misfortunes are allowed for.

Those accidents are not only vexatious but grievous. The finest young cock we had ever reared was found dead and stiff one morning. His crop, alas! was full of ivy-leaves, which he had reached and snatched from the wall of the house, by some vigorous climbing out of bounds. Chickens, and even hens, now and then are cramped by change of weather, or other mysterious causes. If observed in time, they may be recovered by warmth, friction, and apparently by the unaccountable influence of the human hand; but if they hide their trouble they will be found dead. A stray duckling may lose itself in tall grass as in a jungle. A few were delicate for a little while; but only five died in all. It was not the pecuniary loss which M— dreaded, but the destruction of her whole school of dependants, and the total discouragement which must have followed such a catastrophe. If the deluge had destroyed the colony that night, we should have had no more to tell of our poultry-yard. As it is, we have contemplated the proceedings of our hens and broods ever since with a stronger interest than ever before.

When a neighbor here and there said, "I would have let all the fowls of the air perish before I would have gone out on such a night," we think these friends of ours have yet to learn the pleasure and true interests of a rural charge, like that of a poultry yard.

This is an impression often renewed in regard, not only to the poultry yard, but to all the interests involved in a genuine country life. The ladies of the Four Acre Farm tell us of a visitor of theirs who could not conceive that women who can make butter could care for books. She wondered at their subscribing to *Madras*. This is, to be sure, the very worst piece of ignorance of country life and its influences that I ever read of; but it is only an exaggeration of a sentiment very common in both town and country. Some country as well as town people may say to us miniature farmers, "What is the use of so much doing for so little profit? A few shillings, or a few pounds, or a certain degree of domestic comfort and luxury,—this is all; and is it worth while?" "No, this is not all," we reply. When we say that more than this, it will be for others to decide for themselves whether it is worth while to use small portions of land, or to leave them undeveloped. It is a grave and yet a cheerful consideration that the maintenance of our man and his wife is absolutely created by our plan of living; and it is worth something that the same may be said of several animals which are called into existence by it. As for ourselves and our servants, our domestic luxuries are the smallest benefit we derive from our out-door engagements. We should under no circum-

stances be an idle household. We have abundance of social duties and literary pleasures, in parlor and kitchen; but these are promoted, and not hindered, by our out-door interests.

The amount of knowledge gained by actual handling of the earth and its productions, and by personal interest in the economy of agriculture, even on the smallest scale, is greater than any inconsiderate person would suppose; and the exercise of a whole range of faculties on practical objects, which have no scordiness in them, is a valuable and most agreeable method of adult education.

Whoever grows anything feels a new interest in everything that grows; and, as to the mood of mind in which the occupation is pursued, it is, to town-bred women, singularly elevating and refining. To have been reared in a farm-house, remote from society and books, and ignorant of everything beyond the bounds of the parish, is one thing; and to pass from an indolent or a literary life in town to rural pursuits, adopted with a purpose, is another. In the first case, the state of mind may be narrow, dull, and coarse; in the latter, it should naturally be expansive, cheery, and elevated. The genuine poetry of man and nature invests an intellectual and active life in the open universe of rural scenery. If listless young ladies from any town in England could witness the way in which hours slip by in tending the garden, and consulting about the crops, and gathering fruit and flowers, they would think there must be something in it more than they understand. If they would but try their hand at making a batch of butter, or condescend to gather eggs, and court acquaintance with hens and their broods, or assume the charge of a single nest, from the hen taking her seat to the maturity of the brood, they would find that life has pleasures for them that they know not of,—pleasures that have as much "romance" and "poetry" about them as any book in Madie's library.

"But the time!" say some. "How can you spare the time?" Well! what is it? People must have bodily exercise, in town or country, or they cannot live in health, if they can live at all. Why should country folk have nothing better than the constitutional walk which is the duty and pleasure of townfolk? Sometimes there is not half an hour's occupation in the field or garden in the day; and then is the occasion for an extended ramble over the hills. On other days, two, three, four hours slip away, and the morning is gone unawares; and why not? The things done are useful; the exercise is healthful and exhilarating,—in every way at least as good as a walk for health's sake; and there is the rest of the day for books, pen, and needle. The fact is, out-door amusements leave abundance of time, and ever renewed energy for the life of books, the pen, and domestic and social offices of duty and love.

Let those ladies whose lot it is to live in the country, consider whether they shall lead a town or a country life there. A town life in the country is perhaps the lowest of all. It is having eyes which see not, ears which hear not,—and minds which do not understand. A lady who had lived from early childhood in a country house, politely looked into my poultry yard when it was new, and ran after me with a warm compliment.

"What a beautiful hen you have there;—what beautiful long feathers in its tail!"
"Why, S—," said I, "that is the cock."
"Oh—oh—oh!" said she, "I did not know."
Mr. Howitt tells us somewhere of a guest of his, who, seeing a goose and her fourteen goslings on a common, thought it must be very exhausting to the bird to suckle so many young ones. To women who do not know a cock from a hen, or green crops from white, or fruit-trees from forest trees, or how to pronounce herb, flower, root, or fruit from the soil, it would be new life to turn up the ground which lies about them. Miniature farming would, in that very common case, not only create the material subsistence of the servants employed, but develop the mind and heart of the employer. This, and not the money made, is the true consideration when the question arises—What shall a woman do with two or four acres?

A TURKISH HARM—A young Armenian friend of mine, whose family have been suddenly reduced to poverty, is an excellent musician. He gives lessons. The wives of some of the pashas employ him. He finds them closely veiled, and attended by eunuchs. But when the lesson is long, the eunuchs get tired, and go into the next room and sleep on the divan. Thereupon the ladies unveil, and amuse themselves by teasing him, for he is a married man with children, and has no desire for the romance of an intrigue, or, indeed, for its danger. One of them gave him a rose. "Fig," she said to him, "do you know what that means? It means that I love you, Fig." "Fig," said another, "you do not look at us. Are we not handsome?" And very handsome he says some of them are; but he looks at them as little as he can, and with fear and trembling. In a haven anything can be done; if the eunuchs should wake up, he might never be heard of again.—*Turkey and Greece.*

HALEMA—A story is told of the great French satirist, which finely illustrates his knowledge of human nature. He was travelling in Germany, in entire ignorance of its language and currency. Having obtained small change for some of his French coins, he used to pay coachmen and others in the following manner: Taking a handful of the mysterious numismatic specimens from his pocket, he counted them one by one into the creditor's hand, keeping his eyes fixed all the while on the receiver's face. As soon as he perceived the least twinkle of a smile, he took back the coin last deposited in the hand, and returned it, with the remainder, to his pocket. He afterwards found that in pursuing this method he had scarcely overpaid for anything.

Mediocrity is always disgusting, except perhaps, mediocrity of stature in a woman.
"Why does father call mother honey?" asked a boy of his elder brother. "Can't tell," "but it's because she's got a large comb in her head."

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 1, 11, 9, 14, 6, was a Christian priest and physician who flourished early in the 17th century.

My 2, 8, 3, was an eminent American patriot.

My 3, 2, 16, 11, 13, was a celebrated Jewish rabbi, native of Germany.

My 4, 8, 9, 4, 3, 12, was King of Persia and son of Darius Hystaspes.

My 5, 2, 9, 4, 16, 12, was a Spanish painter, who was born at Madrid in 1625.

My 6, 8, 2, 15, 14, 13, was a distinguished naval commander.

My 7, 14, 9, 5, 10, was a poet who was born at Paris in 1734, and died in 1780.

My 8, 2, 16, 12, was a naturalist, born in London in 1710, and died in 1778.

My 9, 8, 3, 7, was a patriot of the American revolution.

My 10, 6, 12, 13, 14, was one of the greatest of the Italian poets.

My 11, 7, 16, 13, 14, 15, was a celebrated historian, born in 1727 at Aix.

My 12, 1, 7, 16, was one of the most celebrated of the Persian poets.

My 13, 5, 4, 14, was a historian and antiquary, born in the 12th century.

My 14, 10, 16, 13, was a distinguished American statesman.

My 15, 14, 2, 2, 8, 10, was a French natural philosopher, born in 1700 at Pimpre.

My 16, 12, 2, 5, was a Spanish Jew, born in 1714 at Segovia.

My whole was an Italian poet, who was born in 1565 at Modena. J. GREENMAN.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 2, 6, 19, 11, is a county in Pennsylvania.

My 10, 5, 21, 20, 14, 12, 6, is a division of Europe.

My 21, 19, 16, 3, is a river in Africa.

My 15, 1, 9, 5, 4, 5, is a river in the United States.

My 17, 12, 19, 21, is a city in Europe.

My 4, 5, 4, 5, is a city of Africa.

My 10, 17, 12, 15, 21, is a lake in North America.

My 13, 6, 21, 11, is a lake in Ireland.

My 3, 18, 21, 5, is a mountain in Sicily.

My 9, 13, 6, 12, 7, 12, is a mountain in the Antarctic Continent.

My 15, 2, 19, 20, is one of the United States.

My 8, 5, 12, 20, 11, is a group of islands north of Scotland.

My whole is one of the most important events in the history of the United States. E. K.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is the name of a fish,
Of an insect, and a plant,
You soon can guess it if you wish,
Although your clue is scant.

My second means quite near,
'Tis a word of letters three;
And one which many people hear,
For it's used on land and sea.

Isles and capes are named,
While gulfs are formed of water;
To guess my whole, pray understand,
That it is one of the latter.

Poques, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWEY.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One semi-circle,
And a circle complete;
A triangle standing
Erect on two feet;
Three-fourths of a crown,
And I am complete.

Lincoln Co., Ky. PLANET.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a four-footed beast of the earth,
And beyond all dispute is its value and worth;
My second's a part of our bodily frame,
'Tis not every a part more important to name.

My third every schoolboy knows well where to find,
When the foliage is yellow, and summer's declined.

My whole in the parks of the great will be found,
Where broad is the shade that it casts on the ground.

ANAGRAMS.

On Counties in the United States.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I will Sam O run Tom
I rule Tom Aim Ned
Try on on Mog Hit on Mal
Tis Mum Want today

East Liverpool, O. MYLIO.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How many equal circles of any diameter cut at the same time touch a central one of the same diameter?

ARTEMAS MARTIN
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

What is that, which no man wants, but which, if any man has, he would not part with for untold wealth? Ans.—A bald head.

Why is an invalid, cured by sea-bathing, like a confused criminal? Ans.—Because he is sea-cured (secured).

Why is mist the poetry of nature? Ans.—Because when it falls upon the earth and freezes it forms rime.

Why is a man leaving an omnibus full of ladies like a convalescent child? Ans.—Because he is getting out of the (w)hoops.

What is the difference between a bachelor and a young lady? Ans.—The former kills his dress, while the latter dresses to kill.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

COUNTY ENIGMA.—The Milwaukee and Wisconsin Railroad in Wisconsin. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—The Lake of the Dem: Swamp.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Barnstable.

RIDDLE.—Bair (clair air). CHARADE.—See manuscript.

GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.—Algiers, Athens, Orleans, Scotland, Ireland, Denmark, Portugal, Sweden, Carolina, Denmark.

PROBLEM.—25.8336 on silver; 34 1964 gold.

According to the articles of war, it is death to stop a cannon ball.